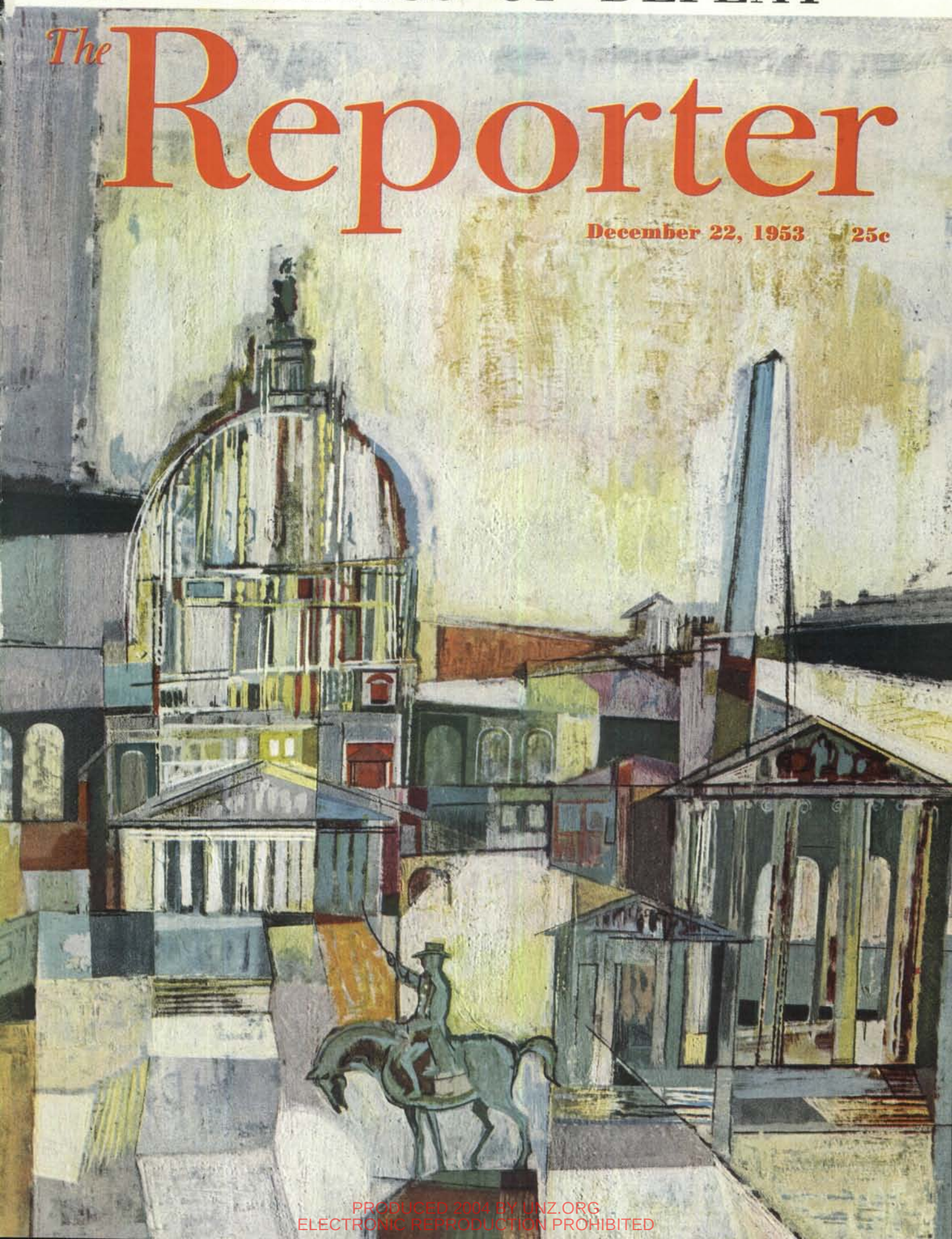
THE POLITICS OF DEFEAT

The Reporter

December 22, 1953 25c



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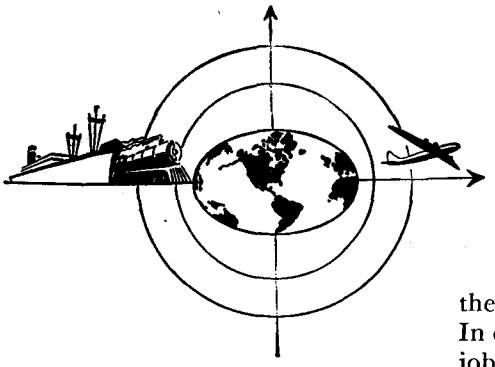

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

A Voice from Hell

Probably it was all because we had read too much of Dante's *Inferno* just before going to sleep. Anyway, we had a nightmare:

"This is Joe Stalin speaking. Being here is what I bargained for ever since I left the Tiflis seminary. It's hot, it's hell, but here is where I belong. And how can I complain, considering the way things are going now aboveground?

"The American Comrades are stupid enough, but that's no obstacle to our progress there. Now and then they get themselves caught plotting and spying, but why do we enlist them if not to get them caught? Even the most valuable secret stolen by the ablest spy is not half as important to us as the way the Americans react to our plots.

"A plot is no good unless it has its built-in exposure. Like good wine, it improves by aging. A dormant spy or a dormant apparatus can sometimes be the best thing our money can buy—dormant while the clues to expose them are being kept somewhere until the time is ripe. A spy dormant for keeps—dead—can be even better than a live one.

"In most of the parts of the world we have not yet swallowed, we must be active in running things and show our hand. We have to get mixed up with nationalisms of all sorts; we have to reconcile our dialectical materialism with all brands of religion and superstition in Asia and Africa, and prove that only Communism can satisfy all hopes and dreams. Sometimes the going is tough.

"But with Americans it is quite different. Just the words 'Communist conspiracy' are enough to make them jump at each other's throats. In other countries, we have to do our job of subversion the hard way, with mass organizations and riots and bloodshed. But in America we can always count on bringing about a maximum of confusion with a minimum of effort. In America just our shadow can do what is achieved elsewhere only by massive strength. If by any chance they show signs of turning sober, an old, over-age plot sets them agog again.

"Sometimes it gets rough down here—even for me. I sent millions of people into these pits, and they were all waiting when I came in. But nobody can prove I was wrong. Total evil in one country was enough to transform the lives of the living men we rule into something quite close to hell. As for the rest, we can afford to be patient, applying in each instance efforts proportionate to our means. Those Americans are wonderful. They go to pieces with so little stimulus from us!

"I knew all the time what I was doing and I liked it. I like it still—even when Trotsky is on my neck."

COMMISSAR'S PRAYER

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the lie my soul to keep;
I pray that we may paralyze
Our enemy with fear of spies,
And that their daily exhumation
Will so preoccupy the nation
That eyes turned back in party hate
Will not look up until too late.
I pray their President will stay
Presiding over his decay
While Senators assume his right
To stand upon a plebiscite.
I pray that those who cry out "Treason!"
Will suffocate the voice of reason
So that that land of liberty
Has no more liberty than we.
I pray that everything goes on
The way it is till we have won.

—SEC

The McC-2

What crashed through the air on that Tuesday night was something different. We know this just as the people of London knew, in the last months of the war, that their houses were being blasted by something different, which they called "the Thing."

It is still not easy to know what went into the composition of that Thing which we saw and heard on the night of November 24. We can pick up the fragments, but they cannot be pieced together, and it is still as difficult to reconstruct its whole as to measure its impact.

We can pick up the misstatements and lies one after another and reach the conclusion that they are all made of the same material. What is far more important is to realize that each untruth is mixed with others, and that each charges and propels the others. They are random samples of the countless other untruths of the same kind which have been told or can be told, for there is no limit to the capacity of the human mind to distort facts.

THERE used to be a casual, rambling quality in McCarthy's speeches, as if what he was saying was nothing as compared to what he could say. This time there was a greater compactness, a sort of balance among the well-calculated distortions in the speech. Whatever casualness remained could be found in that strangely unemotional voice—the voice of a man so confident the

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rabble is being roused that he can spare his nerves from tension and his vocal cords from strain.

But again, this does not describe that Thing—what goes into its making and the shock it produces. We can only be sure that it is meant to rock our system of government. It is meant to harm not only the former President but also the one in office. It is aimed at shaking the people's confidence in the Presidency.

We do not yet know what makes this Thing tick, what gives it its wantonly inaccurate range. Nor is it possible to say why, while nobody is hit, the whole nation is shaken, and why such a sickening feeling remains in the air for days and days after the blast. Undoubtedly we shall know much better soon, for many similar blasts will occur. But even now, at the present stage, there is a devastating quality in that Thing, quite different from the one exhibited by the previous models. The counter-battery fire of Captain Harry's 75s does not provide an adequate defense. The same can be said so far of the strategic and diplomatic talent of General Ike.

There is not much use in trying to dig shelters or intone litanies: "Remember Huey Long, Coughlin, the Know-Nothings?" The fundamental decency and sanity of the American people can be counted on only if they are aroused and rallied.

There have been men in the history of our nation who have done just this. Perhaps McCarthy was never so reckless as when at the end of his speech he quoted Lincoln. Lincoln was not a saint; he knew everything there is to be known about the game of politics. He did not want to see the nation split in civil war. Once, in a debate with Stephen Douglas, he said: "You may have a wen or cancer upon your person, and not be able to cut it out, lest you bleed to death; but surely it is no way to cure it, to engraft it and spread it over your whole body. That is no proper way of treating what you regard a wrong."

A Little Friendly Blackmail

The Chicago *Tribune* started it in late October by sending a reporter to interview Igor Gouzenko, the confessed Russian spy. Gouzenko said he was willing to talk about "spy networks [that] still function in the United States and Canada."

NOTE TO CANADA

We hereby salute a neighbor state
For not letting things dejennerate.

—SEC

The Jenner Committee promptly asked Dulles to ask Canada to let Gouzenko be questioned. Canada said "No," that he hadn't anything new to say. This was on November 4. On November 6, Attorney General Brownell broke the White case.

In the atmosphere created by Mr. Brownell's speech, it was easy to revive the idea of getting Gouzenko to testify—with a couple of new twists. Mr. Brownell had already brought in the Canadians by quoting an FBI letter referring to a high Canadian official as a source of some of his data on Harry Dexter White. Then on November 18 the New York *Daily Mirror* reported a speech by Victor Lasky at a Republican meeting the previous day. Charging that Lester Pearson, Canada's Minister for External Affairs, was not letting Gouzenko testify because Mr. Pearson himself might be implicated in the testimony, Mr. Lasky said that Elizabeth Bentley (in secret testimony which has never been released) had named Mr. Pearson as "one of her best sources of information." As far as we know, no other paper picked up the Lasky story.

Two days later, the State Department sent Ottawa another Jenner request that Gouzenko be made available for interrogation. This was the signal for a campaign of innuendo, led by the Hearst press, which has no parallel in our relations with the Foreign Minister of a friendly state. The alleged Bentley testimony was the main weapon, but others were soon fashioned for the occasion. On November 22, the New York *Journal-American* said that unnamed U.S. officials were "frankly amazed at roadblocks" Mr. Pearson had put up, and went on to say that Mr. Pearson "does not have too good a reputation in some U.S. official circles. He is known as being to the left of former U.S. Secretary of State Acheson and soft to Soviet Russia."

On November 24 another *Journal-American* man reported that he had gone through fifteen volumes of Jenner Committee testimony in its investigation of the Institute of Pacific Relations and discovered four "references" to Mr. Pearson. These references, to mere attendance at I.P.R. discussions about Far Eastern problems during the war, turned out to be so thin that even the *Journal-American* put the story on page 12.

This tandem technique, hitting 'em high with formal Senate-committee requests and hitting 'em low with published innuendoes, was well designed to put the Canadians on the spot. If the Jenner Committee's request for Gouzenko were denied or hedged with restrictions, a segment of the American press could be counted on to keep hinting that the Foreign Minister of our friendliest ally was a Russian informer.

The Canadians were furious. A Member of Parliament called it "political blackmail." The Toronto *Star* said: "witch-hunting blabbermouths of the United States are apparently after Lester Pearson." Several Canadian papers spoke of a "vicious smear" of Mr. Pearson.

These Canadian reactions were extensively reported in the United States, but the readers of the non-Hearst press were never clearly told what the Canadians were reacting to. Finally Miss Bentley admitted to the Toronto *Telegram,* "I can't remember" whether Mr. Pearson was on the famous (and still secret) list of persons who had supplied her with classified information—though she had testified on this point as late as 1951, according to the New York *Times*. But by this time the Jenner-Hearst team had made its point: If Mr. Pearson didn't co-operate, he'd be sorry.

Fortunately for the greater good of U.S.-Canadian relations, Mr. Pearson never lost his sense of humor. At the height of the furor he rose before a dinner at the English-Speaking Union in New York and commented on that quiet atmosphere "where nobody is going to ask me, I hope, . . . 'When did you cease to be a Communist?' " A man can still hold his own against character assassins if he is tough. It also helps if he is a cabinet member of a foreign government.

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE DEMOCRATS

To the Editor: Senator Lister Hill's description of the last session ("Where Are We Democrats Going?," *The Reporter,* November 24) is accurate and very useful. The seminar to which he refers, which was attended usually by most of the more or less liberal Senators, proved to be valuable. It permitted us freely to discuss important legislation and to be briefed by experts on major issues. As a result, I think many of us were better prepared to debate these issues and to take a sound position regarding them.

I believe the Democrats will much more vigorously oppose the Administration at the next session than in the last one. The indecisiveness of the President has confused many, and, as you point out in your editorial, the fact that he apparently is willing to support any and all Republican candidates indicates that he will lead an anti-Democratic crusade rather than one based on principle and national interest. Under the circumstances, I am convinced that he cannot expect the same degree of Democratic support as he has had in the past.

Nonetheless I do hope that we Democrats will bear in mind two elements which are outlined in the article by James MacGregor Burns in the same issue: (1) that potshooting on minor issues and opposition to the Administration merely for the sake of opposition, while possibly helpful in next year's Congressional elections, might weaken the party's national effort in the next Presidential campaign, and (2) that we must recognize the fact that we Democrats could win in 1954 at the expense of winning in 1956. I am convinced that Democratic opposition must continue to be consistent and responsible and to demonstrate that the party is qualified to govern well if and when it is returned to power.

It would of course be very helpful if we could produce a constructive party program as an alternative to the policies of the Administration. I am afraid, however, that there is no machinery in the Democratic Party that would make this practicable, save in Presidential election years. Certainly it could not be done without great compromises, and I agree with Lister Hill that, while we should seek harmony, it is not necessarily harmful to the party to have controversies. If we of the Democratic Party ever seek to mold all opinion into one pattern, or act merely for expediency, I think we will have lost a great part of the vitality and high principles which have kept the party strong over all these years in spite of temporary setbacks and defeats.

HERBERT H. LEHMAN
United States Senate

To the Editor: The several articles about the future of the Democratic Party in your issue of November 24 present an excellent diagnosis of the problems of our party.

ESTES KEFAUVER
United States Senate

To the Editor: I don't like to see *The Reporter* make a mistake, but in your November 24 issue in "Who-What-Why" you referred to Senator Lister Hill as "A Congressman from 1923 to 1930, and a Senator since 1938."

Hill was a Congressman from 1923 until 1938, when he became a Senator by appointment and then by a special election, and has spent his years in the Senate ably, symbolizing the change in the type of men that the South sends to the Senate.

Men of the caliber of such demagogues as Bilbo, Huey Long, "Cotton Ed" Smith, Furnifold Simmons, Tom Heflin, Tom Watson, Coleman Blease, Earle Mayfield, and James Vardaman are finally being forgotten.

We in the North should restrain our attacks on the "reactionary demagogic South" while we are being plagued by McCarthy, Jenner, Bricker, Dirksen, McCarran, Welker, and the like.

STEPHAN MAGNUS
Winnetka, Illinois

TWO DICTATORS

To the Editor: There was scarcely a ripple of editorial comment throughout the United States when Senator Pat McCarran accepted, proudly but with great humility, the decoration of the Grand Cross of Isabel la Católica from Franco, the godly little dictator of Spain.

What would have been the editorial reverberations up and down our land had Vito Marcantonio, the former New York Congressman, accepted a decoration from Stalin, the godless big dictator of Russia?

KELTON Q. JONES
San Antonio, Texas

ADVICE FROM INDIA

To the Editor: If the U.S.A. does not want another World War (and it would be as much to her interests as of other nations of the world to avoid it), then the leaders of American industry must cut down the industrial production of the U.S.A. and Canada to the requirements of home markets only. If other nations need goods of American manufacture, then American talent and capital may go out to these countries and produce the goods locally under auspices of the World Bank. That is the only way to avoid chaos in the balance of payments between dollar areas and the rest of the world, which is a fruitful source of world tensions today. Of course, this will mean a slight lowering of standards of spending (not of living) of the U.S.A. and Canada, but it is a small price to pay for avoiding a major catastrophe which may collapse twentieth-century civilization. Remember, even if you win a war, you have to pay as heavily for it as the vanquished both in blood and waste of human effort.

Similarly, both Americas (North & South) should reduce gradually their food production to the quantity required for domestic use. This policy will compel the rest of the world to adjust its population to its carrying capacity. Use of surplus food for political ends debases both receiver and giver.

T. K. MIRCHANDANI
Poona, India

GEESE ON GUARD

To the Editor: Mr. Brownell's revelations are most reassuring. If, when our government was teeming with Soviet spies, so little could be done to further the policies of the men in the Kremlin, how safe we can feel now with so many vigilant geese to guard the Capitol!

RAMONA WAIT
Boston

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(Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

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MAX ASCOLI, Editor and Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of November, 1953.

[SEAL] Alvin A. Tendler, Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 30, 1955.)

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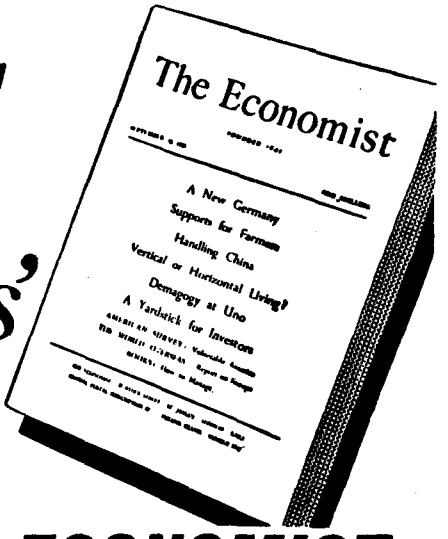

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE EDITORIAL POLICY of this magazine in the controversy aroused by the Brownell-Harry White-McCarthy affair is fully expressed in **A. A. Berle, Jr.'s,** article, "The Folly of Demagogy." Few men in public life can speak with so much authority both about national policy and Communist infiltration. His remark the day of Pearl Harbor is famous: "The other shoe has fallen." In his article, Mr. Berle asks whether, with all our domestic dissensions, we are not inviting the "other shoe" to fall once again. . . . Our Washington Editor, **Douglass Cater,** tries to figure out what may have gone into the engineering of the Brownell bombshell. . . . Cincinnati had a bad attack of McCarthyism but the citizens put an end to it at the polls. **William H. Hessler,** who brings us this encouraging story, is on the staff of the Cincinnati *Enquirer.*

UNTIL RECENTLY **Theodore H. White** was our chief European correspondent. His article in this issue is his farewell to France. Mr. White's *Fire in the Ashes* was the November Book-of-the-Month Club selection. . . . **William Harlan Hale** has just completed a three-year tour of duty with the State Department as Public Affairs Officer for Austria. Here is a country still occupied jointly by the four powers; the puzzling part of Mr. Hale's story is that the Austrians have adjusted to this situation so well. . . . **Mary McCarthy's** "confession" is the best antidote to the usual Messianic revelations from on high typical of confessions by real ex-Communists. Her memoir, to be concluded in our next issue, shows the role chance plays in determining most people's political attitudes.

CHARLES THAYER'S story shows that a crook with enough imagination can take even Russia's monolithic police apparatus for a ride. Mr. Thayer, a former U.S. diplomat who served in Russia and Germany, is the author of *Hands Across the Caviar.* . . . We are sending **M. R. Werner's** remarks to a chosen list of European friends whose carping at the United States has become intolerable. Mr. Werner is the biographer of Barnum and Brigham Young and the author of *Tammany Hall.* . . . Among our reviewers are **Edward Posniak,** specialist in foreign economic policy; **J. K. Galbraith,** Professor of Economics at Harvard; and **Elaine Tanner,** a member of our staff. . . . The cover impression of Washington was painted by **Al Blaustein.**

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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The Folly Of Demagogy

A. A. BERLE, Jr.

MUST WE have an atomic Pearl Harbor to unify the United States?

The mistake in Attorney General Herbert Brownell's attack on President Truman over the White case did not lie in opening up the facts. Police work and defense of security are regular chores for a great power. Many of us, old opponents of Communism, have supported investigation of Communist infiltration. We have defended Congressional investigators and the FBI against charges of Red baiting, asking only that the work be done with care and justice. We applauded the late Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King of Canada when in 1945 he had the whole subject out before a Royal Commission. Police work is one thing. Making it the chief issue in American party alignment is something else.

The Year Is 1953

This comes at a moment when the gravest issues of future policy must be decided by American public opinion, under the guidance of President Eisenhower. Political controversies are important for the forces they release rather than for the things they get done. Little new was uncovered in the White case. All of the names and most of the facts had been familiar to the public for some years. What Mr. Brownell did was to commit the Republican Party to a personal attack on former President Harry S. Truman and all his Democratic associates for laxity, chiefly in the years 1945 and 1946. By so doing, Mr. Brownell increased the power and prestige within the Republican Party of the old isolationist forces which opposed defense against the Nazi attack in 1939. They are the same groups which later opposed the United Nations and fought the Marshall Plan. They are the same people who at present propose to reduce the national defense so as to cut taxes, who lose no occasion to upset our relations with Great Britain and France and our other western Allies, and who seem to want to fight Communists everywhere in the world while they are weakening the very fabric which binds the free world together.

Ironically, the object of these attacks are the very men who have done most to defend the cause of freedom from 1947 on by working out unified inter-American and Canadian defense, by intervening to save Greece and the Mediterranean, by shoring up Europe with the Marshall Plan, by saving Berlin with the airlift, by bringing NATO into being, and finally by mobilizing the United Nations behind American troops to repel armed Russian-Chinese attack in Korea.

THE REAL business of President Eisenhower's Administration and of all America now is the defense of freedom in 1954. The grand issue tendered by Mr. Brownell is whether proper measures were taken in 1945 and 1946. In Bermuda as in the White House, the President tries desperately to maintain and defend European unity and the European Army. His party seems to be primarily concerned with whether Harry White (who is dead) should have been fired seven years ago. A shaky truce in Korea has all but broken down, and the President has to brace the country to be ready for possible resumption of that war. The issue the Republican Party has raised is whether President Truman (out of office and not running for re-election) was too lax in his security policy in 1946, before he intervened in Greece. The Soviet-Chinese bloc is waging full-scale infantry and artillery attacks in Indo-China with Southeast Asia as the stake, and the problem of defending it—or not defending it—may be dumped into our laps at any time. But Republican Party leaders have apparently decreed that the next Congress is to be chosen on the basis of whether the Democratic Administration a decade back mistakenly treated a handful of subversives as just sympathizers with our faithless Soviet ally.

Whom the Gods Destroy

For a mature country, this course is insane. For a major world power it can be disastrous. History passes unpleasant verdicts on countries which neglect the future for the past. At this moment the future is shouting its warnings.

Chief among these is the attitude of the Soviet Government as shown by its two November notes on a four-power conference. The note of November 3 stated with cold precision that no understanding could be expected so long as the North Atlantic Treaty Organization existed and so long as the European Defense Community was being built. Peace would not even be *discussed* unless the West dissolved its organization already existing and gave up the one that was being brought into existence. In the note of November 26 the terms that the Soviets had asked us to accept *before* a conference were proclaimed as their aims *at* the conference. This makes it certain that the conference will get nowhere. The Russians want to substitute a stalemate *at* the conference for the stalemate which so

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far has prevented a conference. Early in December, 1941, Cordell Hull was still carrying on practically stalemated negotiations with Ambassador Nomura when, on Sunday the seventh, the Pearl Harbor blow was struck.

SOME OF US, Winston Churchill included, thought the Democratic Administration did misjudge the Soviet attitude in 1945. But proving that now will help little in preventing atomic attacks.

The people who are most anxious to make the White case the chief item of national business are the same people who in 1945 were clamoring loudest for the return of American soldiers and for the demobilization of American forces immediately after V-J Day.

Some of us found the policy of attempted co-operation with the Soviet Union in 1944 and 1945 a bitter affair. We got scant attention for our fears. Even Senator McCarthy, as late as 1946, was running for office on the claim that Stalin's peaceful intentions must be accepted as sincere. He was riding what was then the wave of public opinion. The fact was that most Republican politicians were just as much involved as the Democrats in the misjudgment of the tragic two years following the end of the war. Perhaps that accounts for at least a certain proportion of their present violence.

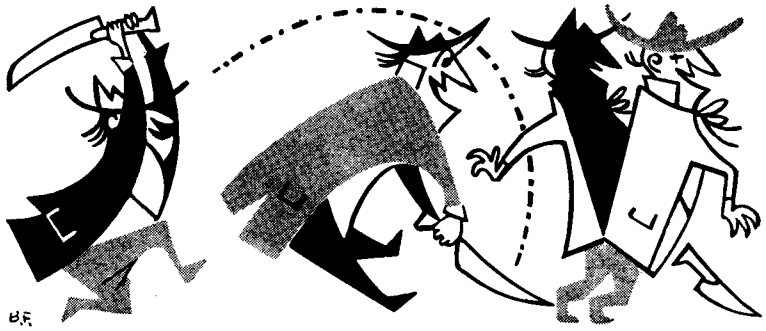
The Agenda

In the perspective of the massive decisions America must make in the next Congressional campaign, past police work is of minor importance. The Soviet-Chinese combination of 1953 commands roughly the area and force once possessed by Genghis Khan, and it makes no secret of its hostile intent. The issues at stake are enormous. The decisions reached will have unlimited effects. Here are some of them:

President Eisenhower has to decide, and he has to persuade the United States to decide, whether America is to be defended by a world system of great regional combinations within the framework of the United Nations or should go back to the nineteenth century and play a lone hand against the field. The choice must be made both with the coldest military and diplomatic realism and also with unshakable belief in the moral power democracy has to regroup the world.

Probably the United States could not now go back to the "go-it-alone" theory even if it wanted to. Germany and Japan are both disarmed, offering little defense against the Russo-Chinese imperialism, and without them there are no buffer "balancing powers." The United States must determine whether it is the decisive partner in the western coalition or a single, though strong, country making a lone run on a broken field—with national disaster as the price of failure.

If the President decides, and the



American people decide, that they stand or fall with western civilization, then measures must be drawn — and promptly followed up — to bring the regional alliances of NATO and the Organization of American States into full effectiveness. The task calls for handling the most delicate problems in each area. Side quarrels with Canada about Igor Gouzenko simply cannot be allowed to get in the way.

President Eisenhower has to decide, and persuade the American public and its Congress to decide, how and how much American energy and resources will be devoted to the common task. These are economic decisions of fateful importance. He and they cannot afford to decide wrongly. The strength of the American economy depends in large part on the extent to which Americans impose on themselves the necessary discipline and sacrifice. Inflation or depression is the penalty of political failure.

United We Stand . . .

At the same moment when politicians are setting up a bitter and sterile quarrel, the President needs maximum unity in the United States to enable him to bring about a maximum of unity either in the entire western world or for organizing a lonely American defense. His real problem is whether his Administration can govern in spite of his party's politicians.

Partisan exposure of the mistakes of a decade ago is not government. After all, the same men and the same foreign policies now being attacked by the Republican Party gave us our present defenses and alliances. These policies alone give us whatever frail hope we have of intercepting a Russian bomber with atomic weapons before, instead of after, it blows up Detroit or Chicago, or of providing power of reprisal sufficient to make attack unlikely. President Roosevelt and President Truman and their associates constructed these defenses and alliances. Through them they built the combinations and equipped the forces that protect the United States today.

The Eisenhower Administration has a greater assignment from destiny than the exposure of past espionage. The attempt to establish peace must be made. In any case, whether the attempt succeeds or fails, the United States must be defended. Storms over Europe, the Pacific, and Southeast Asia and lesser but dangerous typhoons in Trieste, Palestine, and Iran have to be either calmed or ridden out. The spirit of America must make itself heard.

ONLY the President of the United States can now evoke that voice. If he can do it, the fierceness of personal attack, the indulgence of vicarious hatreds, the gloating over past personal tragedies, the poison which makes passion easy and calm judgment impossible will fall into their proper places. Then, in

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President Eisenhower's phrase, history and memory can quite adequately take care of the past. Then Americans will not live in fear of each other; and the future will become an adventure in sober effort, sustained by hope.

When Neville Chamberlain's attempts to appease Hitler failed to bring peace, and Winston Churchill took over in the darkest hours of 1940, proponents of British collaboration with Hitler offered a plainer target than any offered by the White case. Churchill refused to attack. He knew that he needed national unity. "When the present fights the past," he said, "we lose the future."

The need now is to pull ourselves together, to get on with great affairs which American genius at its best can tackle. Or are we so strife-ridden that only an atomic Pearl Harbor can restore national unity?

AS OTHERS SAW US

News Chronicle (London): "Is it understood in Washington how seriously the opinion of America abroad is damaged by such an exhibition of political rowdyism, and when all honor to the free way of life has been paid, is it really necessary?"

Daily Mirror (London): "President Eisenhower has now abandoned hope of ever being able to bring his wild men to herd. They have roped him in.

"Joe McCarthy and the witch-hunting fraternity are definitely top dogs now. . . ."

Daily Herald (London): "The crowning folly of the witch hunters."

Manchester Guardian: "The Dexter White affair has set the world a fine example of the American way of doing things. We have seen the President of the United States permit a charge short only of treason to be levelled against his predecessor in that high office. We have seen the Attorney General of the United States make the charge now with scrupulous care and coolness but in the course of a party political speech. We have seen the Attorney General characterize a dead man as a 'spy' but without giving supporting evidence. We have seen Congressional Committees hasten to haul the former President and other distinguished persons before them with no more respect than they would have for condemned criminals. . . ."

Observer (London): ". . . Brownell's action has revived the exaggerated fears abroad about American political irresponsibility, and these are more damaging to American national security than any harm that might have resulted from leaving Truman's past misjudgments unrevealed."

Economist (London): "The events of the past fortnight have not testified to Mr. Brownell's sense of responsibility."

Franc-Tireur (Paris): "The men in the Kremlin must be laughing hard."

Le Monde (Paris) critized Mr. Brownell for starting the fight, Mr. Truman for lowering himself to participation in it. "It is hard to believe that the most powerful western democracy fights its electoral battle on issues quite apart from those which worry a world that has modern means of accomplishing its own ruin."

Dagbladet (Oslo): "There seems to be no limit to the suicidal stupidities invented by shortsighted politicians when they fear defeat in elections. . . ."

La Nation Belge (Brussels): ". . . It is now a war between McCarthyism and common sense which dominates the great American debate. . . ."

Frankfurter Rundschau: ". . . It was always Eisenhower's wish to be President of the whole American population, not just of a single party, but this seems now to have been made impossible."

Hindu (Madras): "A fantastic chapter is being written in American politics in which the patriotism and loyalty of a President of the United States are being questioned, and even treasonable conduct being imputed. . . . The spectacle . . . has shocked not only foreign observers but also responsible elements in the U. S. itself."

La Bourse Egyptienne (Cairo): "It is indeed a very sad thing to see the history of an already dead man who cannot answer his prosecutors, who remind us of the Spanish Inquisition so strikingly, used as an instrument to regain prestige for a political purpose . . . We can only wish that it boomerangs. . . ."

Al Nasr (Damascus): "We do not care whether Truman was right or wrong . . . whether Eisenhower was right or wrong . . . the only thing which strikes us in this White affair is that it is neither 'white' nor 'clean'. . . It only shows that the U. S. which is supposed to assume a greater role in world politics, more now than ever before, is washing its dirty linen in front of millions of human beings which are desperately anxious to see her taking the lead of a truly democratic nation having at heart peace, security, and understanding. . . ."

Daily Star (Beirut): "That Truman made many blunders during his era is nothing new to us . . . That his Administration was biased, prejudiced against the Arabs and in favor of the Jews . . . is nothing new either. But we do not believe that he favored Communists purposely and intentionally. . . ."

Etlaat (Teheran): ". . . We wonder if all this time and energy and money spent on hysterical outbursts could not be used actually to fight Communism with its own weapons: by improving the standard of living, by meeting the needs of the poor and by accepting the fact that Communism cannot be fought by fear but by stronger ideals."

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Herbert Brownell—
The Sorcerer's Apprentice

DOUGLASS CATER

REPUBLICAN National Chairman Leonard Hall, who had declared on November 4, "We are in trouble politically," after his party's defeat in the New Jersey elections, appeared completely untroubled when he faced a television panel on November 15. He admitted freely that the Republicans had their issue for winning the 1954 Congressional elections: Communists-in-the-ex-Government. But he denied that he and his committee had had anything to do with the event that had led to the rediscovery of that issue. He said that, in fact, he had only learned about Attorney General Herbert Brownell's November 6 attack on President Truman a few minutes before its delivery, when he had been hauled off a plane in Dallas while en route to California.

Other Republican strategists were equally reticent about their parts in planning the affair. Robert Morris, Chief Counsel for the Jenner Committee, told reporters that he had not been consulted before the story broke. Robert Humphreys, G.O.P. publicity director, told an interviewer: "I'm glad we weren't let in on the story ahead of time. Everybody would've thought this thing was political."

Co-ordinated Luck?

It is the job of Washington reporters to discover the chain of facts that leads, or might have led, to such incidents as Mr. Brownell's indictment of Mr. Truman. In this case they were forced to conclude that if there had been no co-ordinated planning, there had certainly been a singular streak of co-ordinated luck.

When, for example, on November 12 T. Lamar Caudle appeared before the Jenner Committee, he emphasized that he had first revealed to the committee his knowledge of the 1946 FBI memorandum on

Brownell

White on October 16 in answer to a long-distance telephone call from James Walter, a Washington *Times-Herald* reporter who was working for the committee. This indicated that more than three weeks before Mr. Brownell spoke in Chicago, the Jenner Committee had been pulling together bits and pieces of the White story.

At about the same time as Caudle's phone conversation, the G.O.P. high command had given remarkable evidence of its regard for the Jenner Committee's work. Toward the middle or latter part of October, the Republican National Committee ordered fifty thousand reprints of the committee's report, published last summer, on "Interlocking Subversion in Government Departments." A party official later revealed that the G.O.P. planned to distribute this report to leaders "down to the county level." It contained all the known material on Harry Dexter White; Mr. Brownell's only contribution to the White story in the Chicago speech was the assertion that Mr. Truman "knew" that White was a Russian spy when he appointed him to the International Monetary Fund.

At the time the Republican National Committee announced its plan to distribute the Jenner material, this reporter asked one of its officials whether there was a special reason for doing so, inasmuch as the report had already received such extensive distribution and attention, including reproduction in half a million copies of *U.S. News & World Report*. The answer was that there was no special reason. The official was asked if the committee had ever distributed such a report before. The answer was that it had not.

'Ethics in Government'

Mr. Brownell spoke before the Chicago Executives Club on November 6 at approximately 12:30 P.M. Chicago time (1:30 in Washington). Texts of two other speeches he gave that day had been released to the press

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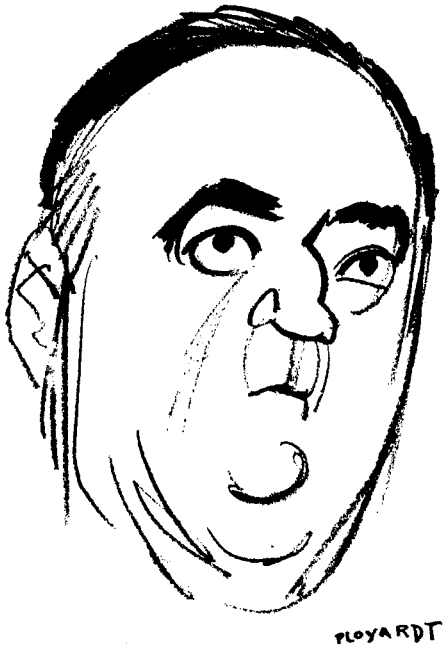

Hoover

the preceding afternoon, but the Executives Club speech, entitled "Ethics in Government," was not released until shortly before 11:30 Chicago time.

As a result there was no chance for the reporters to question ex-President Truman before the speech went on the wires. When frantic phone calls began to pour in, Mr. Truman had to answer fast if he wanted to get his statements into the afternoon papers. He said first that he did not remember seeing the White memorandum, and a few hours later that he had gotten rid of White when he found out he was "wrong."

Dazzling Speed

By four o'clock Washington time that afternoon, White House Press Secretary James C. Hagerty had called in reporters and made public the text of Mr. Truman's 1947 letter accepting Harry Dexter White's resignation and praising him for his services.

The account of what went on at Republican National Committee headquarters that day was later given this reporter by G.O.P. Publicity Director Humphreys: "We put four men on the telephones to alert Members of Congress. Three placed simultaneous calls to Velde, Jenner, and McCarthy. We reached Velde right off at his home in Pekin, Illinois, and Jenner forty-five minutes later. We haven't reached McCarthy to this good day."

The speed of Senator Jenner's reaction compared favorably with Mr. Hagerty's. Within an hour and a half Jenner had despatched a subpoena to General Harry H. Vaughan. Someone else was perhaps even more alert. Richard Wilson, Washington correspondent of the Cowles publications, by nightfall had dispatched to his papers an exclusive interview with T. Lamar Caudle, even though Caudle's knowledge of the case had not been mentioned by either Mr. Brownell or Senator Jenner's committee. In the interview with Wilson, Caudle recalled that the FBI memorandum on White was "a sweetheart."

In the next couple of days, Jenner moved with calm sureness to subpoena Caudle and to arrange for a telegraphic interview with Governor James Byrnes, who had been Secretary of State from 1945 to 1947. He apparently never considered inviting or subpoenaing Mr. Truman, Governor Byrnes, or Justice Tom Clark to appear before his committee.

No one, however, proved more enterprising than Congressman Harold H. Velde, Chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. But as Congressman Kit Clardy, Mr. Velde's companion on the committee, later told this reporter, "They [the party leaders] forgot to take us into their confidence before the whole act started."

Mr. Velde's subpoena of Mr. Truman, Governor Byrnes, and Justice Clark brought the National Committee officials out into the open for the first time. From California Chairman Hall put in a long-distance call to the daring Velde, who by this time had flown back to Washington.

Publicity Director Humphreys followed up the call with a personal visit to Representative Velde's suite in the Park-Fairfax Apartments. Two things were explained over and over to Mr. Velde: First, you just don't subpoena an ex-President. Second, you don't highjack another committee's witness. General Vaughan had been subpoenaed by Mr. Velde the very day he was to appear before the Jenner Committee.

Congressman Velde, it seems, just couldn't understand why there should not be a joint hearing, especially since his committee counsel, Robert Kunzig, had told the committee members that it would be "more juicy" that way. Evidently the National Committee was adamant. Some time in the early morning hours of November 12, word went to Senator Jenner's committee counsel, Robert Morris, that Representative Velde had been dealt with satisfactorily.

There was considerable incongruity about the appearance of Mr. Caudle and General Vaughan before the Jenner Committee on November 12. General Vaughan was flanked by his counsel, Charles Patrick Clark of Franco Lobby fame, and F. J. ("Jiggs") Donahue, the ebullient ex-Commissioner of the District of Columbia and tower of Democratic respectability.

No more impressive specimens of political solidity and stolidity could be found. They marched with great solemnity to the front of the large caucus room in the Senate Office Building and took their seats a few feet apart, General Vaughan belligerently ignoring Mr. Caudle. They were not called upon to play much of a part.

The committee itself maintained suspense around the press table

Jenner

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White

by passing out mimeographed releases at short intervals, like installments of a mystery serial. Two of these, which were handed out simultaneously, provided detailed biographical information on Harry Dexter White and General Vaughan. The one on General Vaughan revealed that back in 1916-1917 he had served as a wood-preservation-and-treating-plant chemist; White's occupation at that time was not revealed.

ANOTHER release pointed out that in late November, 1941, White had been opposed to an effort to establish a modus vivendi with the Japanese that might have postponed the outbreak of war the following month. The committee reminded the press that it had also been the aim of Richard Sorge, Soviet spy in Japan, to turn that nation toward a military attack on the United States.

Curiously, the memo mentioned the fact that Chiang Kai-shek, working through his adviser, Owen Lattimore, had also bitterly protested this prospective "sellout" of China. Obviously the committee did not consider it wrong for Generalissimo Chiang, even when advised by Mr. Lattimore, to be hostile to the invaders of his country, but White's hostility toward Japan was just as obviously incriminating.

WASHINGTON reporters could not help but feel that the co-ordination and timing among high-ranking Republicans, whether accidental or deliberate, had been excellent. There were, indeed, some rumors of a meeting on October 13, the same day Mr. Caudle had received his telephone call, among a number of high-placed Republicans, at which the "development" of the White affair had been discussed.

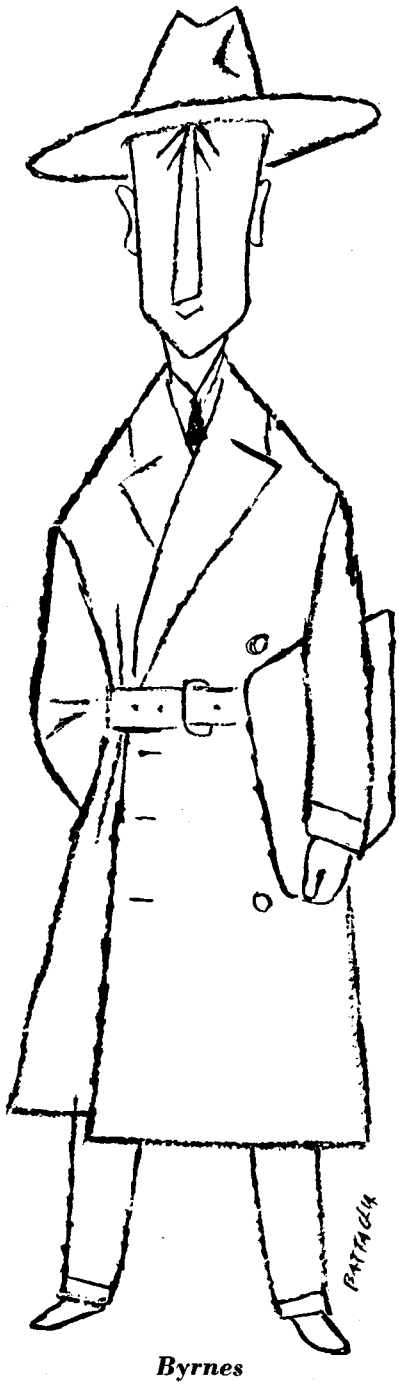
What's the News?

Whatever amount of planning there had been behind Mr. Brownell's denunciation of ex-President Truman, he had proved that the Communist-in-government charge could still stir the nation, even four years after Senator McCarthy's Wheeling, West Virginia, speech, and even when the charge was made against a Democratic Administration no longer in power.

Mr. Brownell had also demonstrated anew that the press could be made to carry time and again as sensational "news" the same stuff that had been in print for years. Four days after his speech, for example, the Un-American Activities Committee released a batch of Whittaker Chambers's "pumpkin papers" in White's handwriting, with the announcement that they were being made public for the first time. Scores of newspapers dutifully reprinted the full text without mentioning that they had been put into the Congressional Record in 1950 by Congressman Richard Nixon, then a committee member, and fully publicized in the press.

NOT all was "retread" news, however. Six days after his exclusive Caudle interview, Richard Wilson commenced a series of stories that was widely syndicated among the newspapers. The first article began: "The story of Soviet espionage in the United States transmitted to the President by the FBI on December 4, 1945, is a 30,000 word account of spying activities on a large scale involving many American officials." Wilson narrated a condensed version of what the FBI had reported to the President. One got the impression of espionage on a terrifyingly wide scale, dating back to 1919. At times, doubtless because of the condensation, the story was slightly confusing, as when Wilson reported:

"The average American would probably be astonished and perhaps incredulous if the name were now to be made public of the eminent



Byrnes

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Velde

atomic scientist identified to President Truman as a man of Marxist sympathies and a member of the Communist Party. This man, nevertheless, was trusted by the Manhattan engineering district. For one thing, he reported that three University of California professors had been approached and asked to give information to the Soviet consulate in San Francisco on atomic work."

From the series one would assume that Wilson had somehow been allowed to examine the secret FBI memorandum itself. But, mysteriously, nowhere did he even hint about how he was privy to such classified information.

FINALLY Mr. Brownell proved how easy it is to open a sort of civil war of nerves against a political opponent. Yet, granting Brownell all these achievements, the Washington reporters could not help asking just what Brownell's aim was. To this question there were about as many answers as there are people in government of the sort who used to be called "spokesmen." Mr. Brownell, some conscientious journalists decided, was laying the groundwork for Governor Thomas E. Dewey's renomination for President in 1956. Others decided that Mr. Brownell was merely laying a smokescreen over the revelations of corruption in Governor Dewey's state. Or, some others said, Mr. Brownell was striking out on his own as a major political force.

Mr. Harsch's Interpretation

It is difficult for a Washington reporter to trace what has gone into the making of such an event as this; it is even more difficult when the reporter begins to consider its repercussions. Joseph Harsch, who holds a unique position as a "columnist's columnist," and who dares to ask "Why?" more often than most, gave an interesting evaluation of these repercussions in the *Christian Science Monitor*. He described his dispatch as "a reportorial account of a view held within the famous establishment at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C."

"The original purpose," Harsch said, "was to prove to the American people, and the Republican Party, that the Eisenhower administration is capable of handling the problem of subversion and espionage in government without benefit of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy of Wisconsin. . . . There was no intention of rousing Mr. Truman from his lair in Independence, Mo. . . . That part of the affair was not 'according to plan.' The Brownell speech was read carefully in the White House the morning of its delivery. No one who read it foresaw the consequences. The target was Senator McCarthy, not Mr. Truman."

Vaughan

THE DAY after Harsch's article appeared, Senator McCarthy had parlayed Mr. Truman's reply to Mr. Brownell into half an hour's free time for himself on an otherwise prohibitively expensive nation-wide television and radio hookup.

The dazed Washington reporters asked themselves another question: Whatever Mr. Brownell's intention, whom had he benefited? Governor Dewey? President Eisenhower? Himself? Senator McCarthy? At a loss for logical answers, the reporters might have thought of an ancient legend: Like the Sorcerer's Apprentice, Mr. Brownell has set the magic broom to work. And the waters are mounting around him and his boss.

Hagerty and the press

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It Didn't Work In Cincinnati

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

THE LIVELY experience of Cincinnati in its recent councilmanic campaign suggests that there may be a law of diminishing returns that applies to the Red scare as a substitute for authentic political issues. For six weeks the city was a microcosm of the vastly larger pattern of suspicion, fear, and denunciation that has spread over Washington and the nation. The Republican machine in Cincinnati conducted an unprecedented campaign designed to persuade the electorate that a vote for the Charter ticket was a vote for Communist coddlers. (The City Charter Committee is Cincinnati's twenty-nine-year-old reform party, a fusion of Democrats and independent Republicans, which has won majorities to the City Council in eight of the fifteen elections since adoption of a modern city charter in 1924. Its party opposition is the Hamilton County Republican organization, the strongest Republican county patronage machine in the country.) But the tactic boomeranged, bringing defeat to a machine everybody had expected to win.

IT HAPPENED this way. Eleven years ago, in 1942, Sydney Williams, a young architect and city planner of San Francisco, attended meetings of a group associated with the Young Communist League. Later, disillusioned on his return from three years in the Navy, he joined a Marxist study group. After ten months of occasional meetings with this group of professional men—meetings he describes as devoted to talk of social reforms, not revolution—Williams decided the outfit was not for him. His ideas about social problems and intellectual freedom wouldn't square with Communism as he was coming to understand it. He withdrew from the group with finality.

Seven years later, in October and November, 1953, in a Midwestern city two thousand miles from San Francisco, a municipal election revolved around the voters' reaction to the abrupt and dramatic disclosure of Williams's dabbling with Communism. The fate of the longest-lived local reform movement in America hung precariously on the issue.

CINCINNATI CITY GOVERNMENT

Under Cincinnati's famous Charter the city is run by a *Council* of nine, elected by proportional representation. A majority of the Council selects one of their number to be *Mayor.*

The Council selects a nonpolitical *City Manager* who is in charge of all of the administrative departments of the city government.

The city also has a *City Planning Commission,* consisting of five unpaid citizens appointed by the Mayor, one member of the Council majority, and the City Manager himself. These seven pick one of the five citizens as *Chairman.* The Planning Commission lays down rules for zoning and subdivisions, keeps Cincinnati's master plan up to date, and approves all major public improvements.

Just a Courtesy Call

Sydney Williams had been chosen last April as the planning director of Cincinnati by the City Planning Commission, after a fifteen-month search for the best man available. The Commission consists of seven members—the City Manager, a councilman chosen by his fellow councilmen, and five nonsalaried citizens, appointed one each year by the Mayor. At this time the nine-man City Council was controlled by a Republican majority of six. The Planning Commission has long been scrupulously nonpolitical, enjoying real independence and authority.

Then one day in September, an FBI agent paid a courtesy call on City Manager Wilbur R. Kellogg. As he left, he laid an unsigned, unidentified paper on Kellogg's desk. It contained a one-paragraph raw file on Sydney Williams, asserting among other things that in 1946 Williams was reported to be affiliated with the Communist Party housing and planning club of San Francisco and also to have been a subscriber to the daily *People's World,* a Communist newspaper.

The City Manager pondered the problem for some days before acting, partly no doubt because FBI policy is to pass on such fragments of unconfirmed information with the understanding that the FBI will deny any knowledge of the matter if it is cited as the source. As a member of the Planning Commission, Mr. Kellogg might have decided to go to its chairman, Henry A. Bettman. Or he might have put the FBI file before the full Commission. He did neither of these things. Instead, he shared the information with just three members of the Commission—the three regular Republicans. The three members of the Commission who had been appointed by a Charter Mayor were not consulted.

For reasons City Manager Kellogg has declined to explain, he ignored the nonpartisan tradition of his office in consulting only his three regular Republican colleagues. Then,

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while one of them, Councilman Douglass Allen, was with him, he called Williams for an interview. This was irregular, to say the least, as Williams was not his employee but that of the Commission. Confronted with the FBI report, Williams admitted some of the facts it contained. Councilman Allen, besides being a member of the Planning Commission and the City Council, is on the staff of the unremittingly Republican, Taft-owned *Times-Star,* is a sturdy partisan in his own right, and is the possessor of an agile mind and an acid tongue. Allen took over the questioning of Williams and asked why he had not told all this to the Commission when he was being hired. Williams said he *had* told two members of the Commission about the Marxist study group—Chairman Bettman and Wallace Collett, the latter chairman of the committee to find a Planning Director. Both men were Charterites appointed by the late Mayor Albert D. Cash.

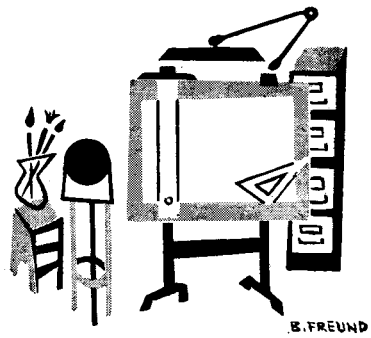
WHO'S WHO IN THE ARTICLE

Carl W. Rich, Mayor of Cincinnati.
Douglass Allen, a Republican member of the City Council.
Wilbur R. Kellogg, City Manager.
Henry A. Bettman, Chairman of the City Planning Commission.
Wallace Collett, member of the City Planning Commission.
Sydney Williams, City Planning Director.

Opening a 'Closed Chapter'

At this point the Williams case, not yet made public, became the Bettman-Collett case, and was about to inundate a city which had been apathetic about its councilmanic campaign. Bettman and Collett had been delegated, back in April, to see Williams and inform him of his appointment. They did so, whereupon Williams volunteered to divulge a "closed chapter" of his life. For two days, Bettman and Collett questioned him. They learned that Williams's former employers, the City Planning Commission of San Francisco and the University of California City Planning Department, had known of Williams's past ties with Communist-fringe groups and had not considered that they would impair his usefulness to the City of Cincinnati.

Bettman and Collett satisfied themselves that Williams had broken completely with the Communist-tinged study group in 1946 and had had no similar ties since. They were impressed by the fact that he had taken a loyalty oath at the University of California without reservation, saying he did not then and for five years previously had not belonged to any organization which advocated the overthrow of the government by force or violence. In a statement Williams made later, he said: "I have never participated in or condoned any act of disloyalty to my country. I have never been associated with any group that is illegal or which advocated any violation of the laws of our government. I have never associated with persons who,



to my knowledge, advocated the overthrow of our government by violent or illegal means."

Bettman and Collett made up their minds that Williams was not a loyalty risk, that he was in fact a loyal citizen. They were eager to fill the job, and they wanted to protect the public reputation of a man who had looked into Communism briefly, rejected it, and was now capable of great usefulness to an American community. With those motives, they said nothing of Williams's past connections to anyone else.

When, five months later, on September 28, Councilman Allen learned that Bettman and Collett had known and withheld this information, he spent a busy afternoon. Ignoring the City Manager's rather belated plea that the affair be handled through correct channels—the Planning Commission—Allen called a meeting of his Republican colleagues in the City Council and also consulted the high command of the Republican county machine. He released a flashy story to the *Times-Star,* and all three Cincinnati dailies immediately pounced on it.

Three Republican candidates for the Council used TV that same evening to apprise the public of the massive danger in their midst. Allen demanded the resignations of Williams, Bettman, and Collett for "misfeasance and malfeasance."

That afternoon, Allen had made the pivotal decision of the campaign. He chose independent action through the press and TV in place of formal action through the Planning Commission. From that moment until Election Day, Williams, and more especially Bettman and Collett, were the overriding issue of the campaign.

Three days after the original disclosure, the Commission voted four to three to ask Williams to resign. Allen made the motion, saying, "I do so regretfully. Mr. Williams has done a good job here and his professional qualifications are the highest. I move that the Commission request Mr. Williams's resignation because the disclosure of his past Communist affiliation has seriously damaged his usefulness as a public official." Williams was jettisoned not because of any present doubt as to his loyalty or competence, but because of the publicity given his past ties—publicity which Allen himself

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had engineered, with a minor assist from the City Manager.

Williams resigned at the next meeting. In accepting his resignation, the Commission said officially: "This motion is not intended to reflect upon the professional competence of Mr. Williams, nor has his present loyalty been questioned by the Commission." A highly trained man had lost a job and possibly all future hope of employment in the public service for which he was trained because a politician, coming into possession of a raw FBI file, had found it advantageous to disclose Williams's past as a means of discrediting the Charter Party through Bettman and Collett.

The Pilot and the Quaker

It is essential to know what kind of men Bettman and Collett are, for Cincinnati's election on November 3 was to constitute a jury's verdict on their character and conduct. Although the two men almost learned to think of themselves as a single personality joined by a hyphen, they are profoundly different. The brilliant and complex Henry Bettman was a pilot in daredevil air shows of the 1920's. Then he qualified as a physicist at Harvard. Finding research too remote, he went back to Harvard for four more years and became an architect, winning a valuable traveling fellowship. In the Navy during the war, he was engaged in research and development work in electronics, for which his training in physics fitted him. After appointment to the City Planning Commission six years ago, he soon became skilled in planning.

Bettman, now forty-four, has always been venturesome. Years ago this quality led him to explore wellnigh inaccessible caves. In recent years, combined with a sense of public duty, it has led him to devote ten to twenty hours a week without pay to exploring the means of making his city more efficient and more beautiful.

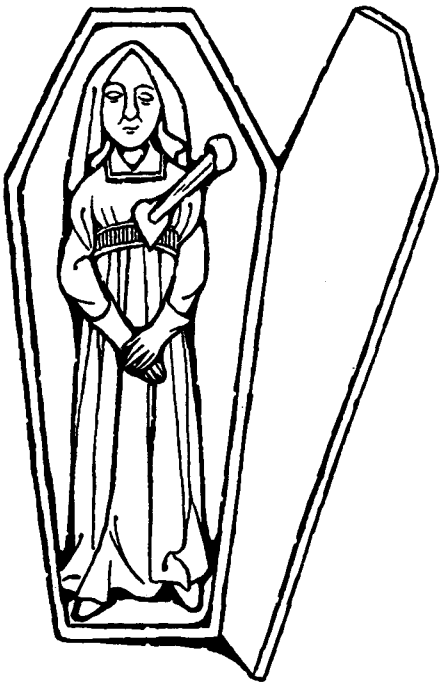
Wallace Collett, by contrast, is a simple, gentle Quaker from a rural settlement in the Ohio hinterland. At thirty-nine, he is prematurely white-haired and appears frail. But he loves nothing more than a grueling week of mountain climbing or hiking. An idealist and a dedicated public servant, he has an iron backbone and an unyielding determination to stand on what seems to him right and merciful. To him, honor and integrity are the most important things in life. And the torrent of accusing headlines that engulfed him was doubly dreadful to such a sensitive and conscientious man, and his wife and three school-age children.

POLITICALLY, the problem of the Republican machine tacticians was to link Bettman's and Collett's "coddling of Communists" in public office with the Charter Party. This was easy enough, since the third Charter-appointed member of the Planning Commission, who stood up for Bettman and Collett, was at the same time a member of the Charter's executive committee, the top policy-making agency of the party. All three were made the targets of a succession of skillfully contrived newspaper advertisements.

Another important step was Councilman Allen's resolution in the City Council demanding the resignations of Bettman and Collett from the Planning Commission. Charter members of the Council voted against it. What had been a potential political issue became a clearly drawn partisan issue, dominating the campaigning from early October onward.

The Committee of 150

Failing to see the risk of giving the Charterites a moral issue on which to fight a hitherto dull campaign, the Republicans were startled to discover popular indignation welling up in unexpected quarters. A few citizens, outraged by the highhanded way in which three men were being pilloried in the press without a hearing, called a protest meeting at a hotel. The meeting was not advertised publicly, and was called on two days' notice. But 150 people turned up. They had gotten the word from friends. Hearing the facts fully, these citizens authorized a small committee to proceed to action. And so the Committee of 150 for Political Morality was born. It was headed by a professor of philosophy who never had had any connection with politics before but who learned the facts of political life fast. The members were mostly outright amateurs, but they were genuinely and passionately indignant. When the newspapers took meager notice of their demand for a public hearing for Bettman and Collett, they raised money and bought page ads in the papers to tell their story, make their demands, and ask for more money from the public. The money flowed in, and the Committee of 150 ran more ads.



The City Council, firmly in the grip of its Republican majority, refused the requested public hearing. It refused also to permit a radio station to broadcast the Council meeting at which Bettman and Collett had been tried and found guilty of "gross dereliction of duty." Mayor Carl Rich destroyed the letter from the radio station asking clearance to broadcast, doing so without showing the letter to the public-hearings committee or the full Council. After

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A Typical Republican Advertisement

Anti-Protestant! Anti-Catholic! Anti-Jewish! Anti-Negro! Anti-God!

This is what members of Marxist Study Groups are taught, Charter Democrats.

Is this "THE STUDY GROUP" YOU ARE EXCUSING?

Don't YOU know:

that Karl Marx was Anti-Protestant, Anti-Catholic, Anti-Jewish, Anti-Negro, Anti-God?

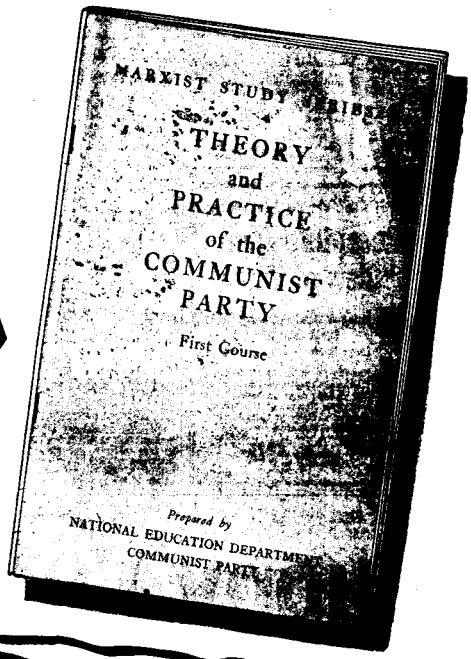
Don't YOU know:

that you must be affiliated with the Communist Party before you can join a Marxist Study Group?

Don't YOU know:

that the ingredients of Communism are: Socialism, Hatred of God, Deceit, and Law Breaking, well mixed with Immorality?

HERE IS THE TITLE PAGE OF THE CATECHISM OF THE MARXIST STUDY GROUP



Don't YOU know:

that a Marxist Study Group is the advanced training school for Communists?

Weren't Alger Hiss, the Rosenbergs, Harold Ware, Frank Hashmal, Talmadge Raley and thousands of other Communists, members of the Marxist Study Group?

Don't YOU know:

that the Communist Method of Infiltrating recommends USING:

1. Intellectual groups.
2. Study groups.
3. Racial Clubs.
4. Industrial Groups

3. [illegible] Russian Communism.
4. That Free Enterprise and The Private Ownership of Property should be abolished.
5. That The Republican Party is the greatest enemy of Communism.

CITIZENS OF CINCINNATI:

We Republicans are for destroying Communism wherever and whenever it is discovered . . . and that includes Cincinnati, Ohio.
We believe that Communism is deadly dangerous to life, liberty and religion. It is not to be coddled or excused.
We won't be soft-talked or loud-talked into accepting less than 100% Americanism, regardless of time, place or circumstance.
That's our Position—today, tomorrow and forever!

Vote to maintain your Republican majority in City Council!

VOTE REPUBLICAN 1 to 9!

Issued by The Republican Campaign Committee . . . Ted Brown, Chairman

"ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY"

Political Ads

a full debate and many sanctimonious expressions of regret, the majority of the Council voted to demand that Bettman and Collett resign.

George Eyrich, Jr., boss of the Republican machine, drew the issue: "If we win, Collett and Bettman go. If we lose, they stay." A vote by proportional representation on nineteen candidates for nine Council seats became a referendum on the ethics of the two Planning Commission members.

If the Republican machine won, it would remove Bettman and Collett immediately and would have a third appointment January 1, when the term of the third Charter appointee would expire. It had in sight a Planning Commission completely beholden to the machine. Such a packed Commission, making frequent decisions on the zoning of properties, could be highly useful to a patronage organization.

The nonpolitical nature of the City Manager's office was at stake. So was the long tradition of unpaid volunteer service on independent boards and commissions. For if Bettman and Collett were to be harried from office for what was at most an error of judgment, nobody like them would be apt to accept appointment to serve the community without pay in the future. If the Charterites were not cleared of the Communist "taint" by the verdict of the voters, the most notable and persistent reform movement in any large American city was liable to collapse.

The Advertising Campaign

Advertisements from the Republican machine multiplied in the closing fortnight of the campaign. Each was tailored to the same pattern—to link the Charter Party to Communism. The ads were generously sprinkled with hammers, sickles and bombs, crosses marking graves in Korea, and dark references to Alger Hiss. A typical and oft-appearing paragraph read:

"We Republicans are for destroying Communism wherever and whenever it is discovered. . . . We believe that Communism is deadly dangerous to life, liberty and religion. It is not to be coddled or excused. We won't be soft-talked or loud-talked

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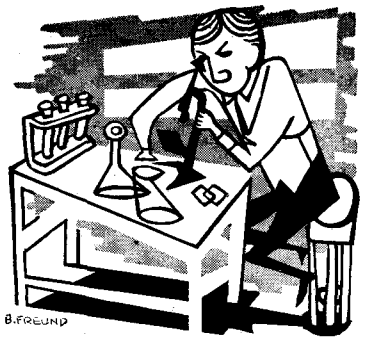

into accepting less than 100% Americanism. Eternal Vigilance Is The Price Of Liberty."

One ad featured a large picture of the cover of a booklet, "Theory and Practice of the Communist Party," as used in "Marxist Study Groups." One proclaimed in bold type that Communism is "Anti-Jewish! Anti-Negro! Anti-God!" and demanded to know, "Is this 'The Study Group' you [the Charter Democrats] are excusing?" The next day's papers added two lines at the top: "Anti-Protestant! Anti-Catholic!"

This, presumably, made Communism anti-everybody. But it may have made it harder for wide-eyed Cincinnati voters to believe that the nine Charter candidates, reputable and highly regarded people, were anti-everything and soft on Communism.

Councilman Allen, who had rushed off to Liberia on a newspaper assignment after touching off this campaign, returned in time for the closing days before the vote. He renewed the attack in abusive terms that commanded page-one streamers. Allen identified himself as a public official trying conscientiously "to rid high public office of Communists, ex-Communists, and more particularly their sophistic apologists, who in my opinion are the most dangerous of all to our Republic and its ideals of individual freedom."

THE *Times-Star* and the *Enquirer* denounced Bettman and Collett in unmeasured terms. The Scripps-Howard *Post* defended them. The *Times-Star* and *Enquirer* endorsed seven Republicans and three Charterites, the *Post* seven Charterites and three Republicans. (With confusing generosity, all three papers endorsed ten candidates for the seats in Council—possibly on the theory that since one was a very personable woman, she could sit on someone's lap.)

JUST HOW does a reform party fight back when charged with a Communist taint? Here was a city already steeped in anti-Red hysteria. And here the label of Communist coddling was being attached to the Charter group with great skill and ruthless persistence. Charter strategists reeled under the sudden attack and lost some valuable days fumbling for a formula. Meanwhile their candidates continued on their various courses, hoping in vain that their campaigns could be returned somehow to sanity. It looked as though a humiliating defeat for the Charterites was inescapable. That was certainly the general belief.

But the amateurs of the Committee of 150 for Political Morality buckled down. With no apparent assets other than righteous indignation, they raised $3,800 to buy newspaper advertising and television time. They told the story in lucid, factual terms. They defined the moral issue posed by a campaign of smear and character assassination. They hammered away at the long-range implications of a voters' verdict that would destroy two honorable men who had served the city brilliantly without reward.

Taking courage from the discovery that they were not alone, and increasingly outraged by the violent attacks of the opposition, Charter leaders adopted a free-swinging offensive strategy. Reform always thrives when it has a moral issue. And volunteers in politics, who have no hope of jobs or preferment, need a moral principle to goad them to hard work in the precincts and at the polling places. With a zeal that recalled the older days of fighting reform, Charter volunteer workers rang doorbells, spoke at meetings, buttonholed friends, and turned up $4,000 of additional campaign funds in the last week to finance ads and TV programs.

Republican Comeuppance

Then 152,766 citizens of Cincinnati went to the polling booths. Their verdict went 51.4 per cent for the Charter Party, giving it a secure majority in the City Council and the mayoralty. For the Republican machine that had staked its hopes on a strategy of fear and suspicion, it meant a return to minority status. This was the first time in a generation that a party had been turned out of power after only one term in the majority—a stinging reprimand in itself.

The gains are obvious. A nonpolitical City Planning Commission can resume its nonpolitical role. It is not to be packed with the henchmen of a patronage machine. The political neutrality of the City Manager's office can be restored. The party of reform with a generation of civic achievement to its credit is back in business, with a new mandate from the voters.

MOST IMPORTANT of all, the people of Cincinnati by their verdict have said that elections in their city are not to be won by smears, by character assassination, or by pandering to hysterical fears.

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France: Politicians, Pressure Groups, and a New Face

THEODORE H. WHITE

FOR SIX FULL YEARS the chief whipping boy of the Atlantic alliance has been France. The indictment against France may be summed up, simply, as the real or alleged refusal of the French to make those decisions without which the progress of the entire Atlantic alliance is reduced to a crawl.

Rarely have the French and their Allies faced a situation that sets them so profoundly at odds with each other as they are at the moment. This winter the French must decide whether or not to begin the partial surrender of their sovereignty to the Union of Europe, conceived jointly by them and the Americans; this winter they must decide whether, how, and on what terms to put an end to the war in Indo-China, which is draining France dry; this winter they must again consider whether and how to arrest the economic blight that is reducing France season by season to the status of an industrial anachronism. And all these decisions must be made under the pressure of Allies so exasperated that they now care less what the results of these decisions are than that they be finally made, once and for all.

THE EXASPERATION of France's Allies has valid origins in the nature of French politics today. If a government can be compared to an intricate piece of machinery which translates crude popular pressures more or less smoothly into decision and program, then it may fairly be said that in France today though the motors hum, the gears do not mesh.

In the sense that our Republican and Democratic Parties (despite their internal divisions) translate American political emotions into government, or that the Labour and Tory Parties (despite similar internal divisions) translate British political emotions into government, France as a nation today lacks parties that can do the same.

No western country offers its electorate a more varied political spectrum: all shades of conservatism or reaction, all shades of socialism and social reform, all attitudes toward religion from outright hostility to downright servility. Yet, in practice, none of these parties offers voters more than a parochial set of prejudices and myths so narrow and mutually exclusive that, however they group themselves together in coalition, none can offer the French people a real choice of directions in which they can agree to move. Rigid, mechanically-controlled, the old parties have almost entirely lost the ability to offer France either new faces or new perspectives.

It is these parties, gathered in all sorts of precarious coalitions, with which the western world has been dealing since 1947. Through this ever-changing, ever-constant leadership, France has expressed itself in the United Nations, underwritten NATO, launched European Union, signed and sponsored treaties. And the outer world's exasperation begins with its doubts, which are echoed in Paris, as to whether this political leadership can commit the French people to any historic course of action or in a crisis deliver anything more real than a majority of votes in the National Assembly.

Sauve Qui Peut

During a third of a century of wars, depression, fear, inflation, and disaster, the French people have been divided and subdivided into a nation of closed and sealed groups far more akin to Mussolini's image of the corporative state than the shining community of democracy and representative government which the French insist their country remains.

The political government of France can harass these sovereign corporative entities with rules and regulations or plead with them, as citizens, to show responsibility. But it cannot crack down and curtail the rights of the few for the greater good of the many, impose discipline, dissolve cartels, deny subsidies. The French government does not so much administer its people as it negotiates with them, yielding to the pressures of the strongest or, when trapped, resorting to inflation to purchase the goods and services required for survival.

The crudest form in which these corporative groups present themselves is that of political-economic lobbies—far better organized and far more powerful in the state-dominated economy of France than in any other free and representative nation.

There is, for instance, the alcohol lobby, an unbreakable formation of winegrowers, beet growers, apple growers, and distillers whose members produce twice as much alcohol

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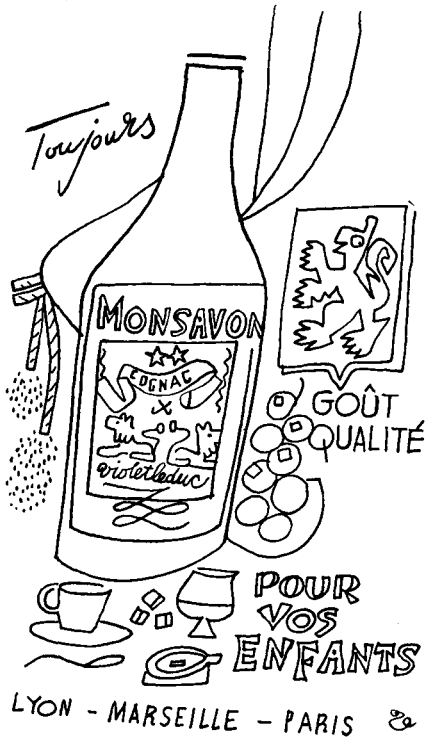
as the nation can consume each year and force the government to buy the surplus at a rate four times the world price. French vats are so full of unsalable government-owned alcohol that it would be cheaper now for the government to dump it all in the sea than try to store it. And Frenchmen are so full of alcohol that the expenses of the French Social Security System in care of alcoholics and diseases directly attributable to alcoholism are larger than all taxes paid by spirit and wine dealers. Yet the wine lobby must be subsidized and millions of acres must be kept in crops whose only yield is alcohol while the French economy screams for more meat, more milk, more fruit, more wheat.

There is a truckmen's lobby that has made a shambles of the economics of rail transportation by political jiggering with the nationalized railways' rate structure. There is a tobacco lobby, a steel lobby, a butchers' lobby, and a thousand more. Each of these groups negotiates with the government directly. Right-wing Governments such as those of Pinay and Laniel can occasionally wring halfhearted co-operation from some of the smaller sovereign corporative groups (as did Laniel in his famous compact with the Paris butchers to stabilize meat prices in the capital). Left-wing Governments alternately try to threaten and bribe them into compliance. But no Government of any kind controls them.

THESE VESTED economic interests—usually (and mistakenly) called cartels—are, of course, the most publicized separatist groups in the state because their methods have fossilized French industry into a structure roughly fifty years behind the times and paralyzed the nation's physical comfort and welfare. But they are not the only groups living a destructively independent life in a greater community.

French science and technology are compartmentalized in tight restrictive coteries because the exclusive senior academies of French higher education, for reasons that go deep in the nation's intellectual tradition, turn out only a fraction of the technicians, however brilliant, that the nation needs.

There are other communities of men bound together only by their interest in recovering payment for war damages from the government. Old-age pensioners, First World War veterans, Second World War veterans, and deportees all bleed the body of French politics as picadors do a bull. Colonists and colonial interests pursue objectives quite irrelevant to the destiny of France as a nation. The Second World War has created other groups: collaborationists pressing constantly on the Fourth Republic for forgiveness, resistance veterans



who have splintered their past heroism into contentious factionalism.

Finally, the administrative machinery of France is itself a conglomeration of incorporated functionaries, vested interests with great power and prestige, some of which are not only totally unresponsive to political control but openly contemptuous of it. Thus during last summer's strikes of the underfed and underpaid lesser civil servants, France was simultaneously treated to the spectacle of powerful and entrenched colonial officials participating in a *coup d'état* in France's richest colonial domain, Morocco, without authority and without political guidance, an action almost certain to bring infinite sorrows in the future. Nor did the Government resist this group, as it did the lesser civil servants. Confronted with a *fait accompli,* it assented and draped the Morocco coup with ex post facto authority and legality.

The French political roulette wheel decreed that the Minister of Foreign Affairs who was forced to condone the Moroccan coup be Georges Bidault, the same man who had held that post in 1946 when another set of colonial functionaries in Asia flouted the political authority of Paris to plunge into the Indo-China war, which has since drained the nation white. So powerless was the Government that the mastermind of the Moroccan coup—Marshal Alphonse Juin, perhaps the most ambitious soldier in any army's uniform—could a few days later publicly sneer at the Presidency of France, stigmatizing that high office as one with more tedious chores and empty honor than real power, and declaring that his own political conduct was governed only by the superior interests of France.

SEVERAL things must be said to mollify the harshness of this picture. First, the people who defend their privileges with such bitterness do so not so much out of wickedness as out of fear. The selfishness of modern Frenchmen, which so saddens those who thrill to the glory of French culture, rises from the history of the past forty years of turbulence and inflation, which has taught them that survival is assured only to those who look out for themselves first.

Secondly, within the cells of the compartmented enterprises, French brilliance burns as brightly as ever. Its achievements in engineering, science, design, and even in some phases of local politics remain the peers of the best the modern world can offer. This brilliance is fragmented, uncoordinated, hence wasted, but it persists.

Last, and it should be repeated over and over again, the divided and antagonistic groups and individuals of France have necessarily arrived at a tolerance of each other so great as to make liberty in France more complete both in expression and conduct than in any other western democracy. Which raises the ultimate questions: What price must be paid for this liberty? Can this total liberty be managed or re-

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strained by efficient direction acting for the community as a whole without a ruthless new type of government? Or must it continue to the ragged edge of anarchy?

Two Portents

These are the people and this is the political structure that have been summoned to make decisions on which all western plans turn.

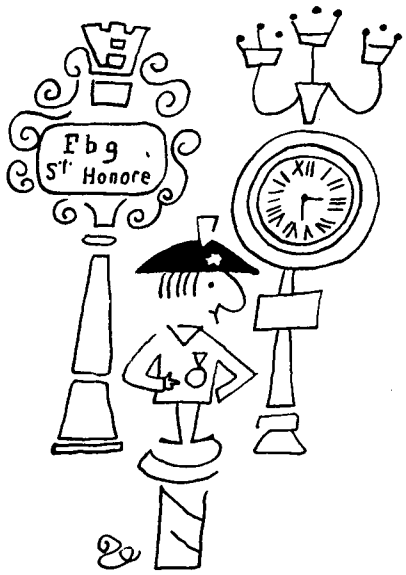
Neither the people nor the structure is, however, a static one. This summer two decisive, distinct but organically related events occurred in France. Together, they foreshadowed the beginning of a new national opposition to the present state of affairs, entirely different from the factional and partisan oppositions that the political parties have always hitherto displayed in the narrow arena of the National Assembly in Paris.

One event was the great wave of summer strikes (*The Reporter*, September 29). The summer strikes were simply the intrusion of labor—splintered, confused, and misled—upon French politics. All the postwar adjustments of burdens between the independent groups that make up French life and between these independent groups and the government have been made at the expense of labor.

Labor, divided between Catholic, Socialist, and Communist leadership in permanent rivalry, has not, since the war, been able to muster its vast ranks for more than an orderly retreat in defense of the rights and dignities it won in the unity of Liberation. The burdens of postwar France, as translated in taxes and inflation, have always rested most heavily upon the ordinary workingman, by now reduced to a state of permanent misery simply because his divided protest could never be effectively brought to bear upon the government. The spontaneous, grass-roots summer strikes simply warned the nation that labor, even divided as it was, could project France into anarchy overnight if goaded too far—and that it had been goaded as far as it could bear. If France was to be governed at all, if France was to bear the weight of global and international obligations, the strikes warned the nation that it could no longer be done by the pauperization of French workers. Something had to give, either internally or externally, or the meaning of France in the world would become a fiction—as it still may.

THE SECOND event of the summer, which preceded the strikes by some six weeks, was the presentation to the National Assembly of an alternative program and alternative leadership that proposed to reverse the entire course of French affairs since the war.

This program is called the Mendes-France Program, after its author, Pierre Mendes-France, a short, stocky, heavy-set man, jet-black of hair, broad of nose, and blue-black of jowl, who looks far more like one



of the blue-trousered workers in the Paris Metro than one of the most eminent and scholarly intellectuals in French life.

The impact of Mendes-France and his program on French life, like so many phenomena in French politics, is all paradox. The current favorite of the non-Communist Left and the standard bearer of those who mumble of a new Popular Front, Pierre Mendes-France is, in almost every respect, a man of the Right — a hard-money, balanced-budget, orthodox economic technician and member of the businessmen's Radical Socialist Party. A man who declares in all sincerity, "I hate politics, I do not indulge in politics, I am not a politician," Mendes-France has proved himself the shrewdest long-range political strategist in France. Without patronage or powerful friends, his present position as one of the two or three dominant figures in French national politics is due almost entirely to his ability to translate his abstruse, intricate, scholarly researches into a few simple yet logical statements about the world. These he has repeated with such monotonous yet brilliant persistence that by now even the politicians who loathe Mendes-France must borrow from or pay lip service to them.

The entire Mendes-France program can be summed up in the three words which form the title he has given his latest political pamphlet, *Gouverner, C'est Choisir* ("To Govern Is to Choose").

The Beam in France's Eye

France, as Mendes-France describes it, is a nation that can no longer see itself clearly. This France, still drunk with memories of old greatness, still clutching at the promises of Liberation, divided by recent history, each of its constituent groups terrified at any threat to its archaic and vestigial privileges, has forced on its government burdens far too great for French resources to support. To govern France effectively, the men who do so must decide that they will abandon profound obligations, both domestic and international, that they have managed to support since the war only by an inflation that corrupts and destroys all. The first duty of French government, says Mendes-France, is to choose what shall be given up, for only by abandoning part of its claim to global greatness now can France withdraw, regroup its forces and energies for counterattack, and then return to its rightful power.

In speech after speech, Mendes-France over the past three years has filled in this outline. His detail is both simple and specific. Those burdens Mendes-France would choose to abandon first are the war in Indo-China and the huge military obligations of NATO.

Not the slightest trace of anti-Americanism or softness to Soviet diplomacy can be discerned in Mendes-France's convictions. It is simply, as he puts it, that France cannot be strong everywhere at once

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—in Asia, in Africa, in Germany and at home. Mendes-France is neither an opponent nor an advocate of European Union. Indeed, in his speeches he seems curiously indifferent to it, though he voted to sustain the Schuman Plan. What he seeks is that France, whether in or out of such a union, be strong.

Along with his abandonment of external burdens, Mendes-France would wring out the swollen Social Security System, strip away the hidden and direct subsidies to pressure lobbies, and reorganize the uncoordinated and misdirected nationalized industries.

Despite its opposition to heavy armaments, such a program would scarcely be sufficient to win for Mendes-France the acclaim of the Socialists, the Left Catholics, and other free-wheelers of the non-Communist Left. All these choices are negative ones. But in choosing to slash with unrelenting ferocity France's budgetary burdens, sacrificing thereby its current diplomatic obligations, Mendes-France proposes other positive choices. These concern not the outside world but France at home. They require the diversion of almost all that is saved by slashing the burden of arms and subsidies into vastly expanded public housing (for housing is easily France's most terrible social problem), into a new basic investment program both in industry and agricultural development, into much greater government support of technology and science.

To the Left, such a program is appealing. While it will not immediately lessen the burden on French workers, it will result eventually in new houses, new schools, and the promise of an expanding economy instead of the stagnant one that the workers now support without hope.

THE THIRD essential ingredient of the Mendes-France program is obvious. It is that the Assembly, once having accepted these choices, abdicate a huge share of its legislative prerogative and endow whatever Premier it chooses with power to jostle, shake, and discipline by decree the various special interests that now overwhelm individual Deputies and control their votes. Specifically, his program requires that the Assembly give a Government advancing such a program full powers to make any of these adjustments by decree within the frame outlined—and that such a decree become law immediately unless the Assembly by specific veto overrides it, and by so doing casts the Government out of power.

Such proposals and such programs have been talked about, largely because of Mendes-France's own writings and speeches, for several years. What was of vast importance this summer was that in the June crisis, for the first time the President of France proposed their author to the Assembly as Premier-Designate, and that 301 members of the Assembly voted for his appointment, while only 119, of whom 101 were Communist, voted against him. Mendes-France was defeated only because of the abstention of those eminent Deputies and their friends who have sat in France's Cabinets for the past eight years. Their abstentions left him just thirteen votes short of the constitutional majority necessary for investiture.

Cautery or Surgery?

No reading of the portents and omens can forecast either the future of Pierre Mendes-France or of his country during the coming winter.

An earnest, serious, hard-working man (Mendes-France is mayor and departmental chairman of the Norman town and district he represents in Paris), his self-chosen role since the war has been to sit in the red-plush hemicycle of the Palais Bourbon and chant of doom like a Cassandra. He has refused every offer of a Cabinet post, saying, "One cannot cauterize a wooden leg." The melancholy satisfaction of seeing all his predictions come true for seven years has given him an almost fatalistic belief that his program (with or without him) will be accepted by the Assembly or that France will slowly decay and fall from the ranks of the great powers.

Mendes-France cannot back his convictions with either an organization or a machine of his own. No intrigue in the fashionable salons of Paris, where so many political careers are launched, made, and broken, operates in his support. No personal flair for bold, dynamic mobilization of masses of men in the streets tempts him to adventure outside those realms of scholarly monograph and speech that have made his views dogma among so many French journalists, intellectuals, and worried citizens.

It is perhaps the very modesty and restraint with which Mendes-France carries himself personally that has made his rise to influence over the past year so important. A possibly exaggerated symbolism has attached itself to him and to his program. He has coined the phrases that shape the current clichés of politics in Paris. All these phrases can be summed up in a paragraph:

What the political leadership of France decides is not nearly so important as that it make some decision, some choice, no matter what. And, once having decided, it must do so clearly enough that the people of France can fuse, as a community, to support or oppose its decision. "To govern," in short, is truly "to choose."

No crisis in France is ever the last one. No long-heralded hour of decision since the war has ever produced the decision. Not even in this winter of overbearing problems and demands can one be sure that the party coalitions in Paris will arrive finally at a decision on the great project of European Union, on the war in Indo-China, on the overhauling and recasting of its industrial system. All these problems have been part of the furniture of the French political stage for many years. What is new is simply a public discontent capable of an anarchic shrugging off of all present government forms, and the appearance of a program and leadership ready to remake and reshape these forms about a new policy. If this program and this restlessness fuse under new leadership that can capture a majority of the French National Assembly, then France may finally have that truly responsible and representative Government that her Allies have criticized her for so long for lacking. It is certain that the Atlantic Allies would find such new leadership less complaisant and docile than the political leadership they have dealt with in Paris hitherto. But it is well that France's Allies, which have heaped so many and such thankless burdens on her, be prepared for the event.

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Austria Learns How to Be a Buffer State

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

PERIODICALLY the world is reminded of the existence of Little Austria, the Country Without a Treaty. Usually one hears of it in dispatches saying that once again it looks as if Austria wouldn't get the treaty long promised by its wartime liberators, and that Austria cannot really exist until it gets that treaty. Everyone is agreed—and has been since the Allies made their pledge at Moscow in 1943—that the nation should be free. The only questions are, How free, in whose camp, and at whose expense? Austria, for its part, also insists on freedom, and in September went so far as to demand that it be allowed to join the four occupying powers in writing its own peace treaty. And yet privately Austria knows it is not doing too badly now—"a little cockleboat on the stormy seas of Europe," as Austria's late President Renner put it—with a cargo of four occupational elephants abroad.

Austrian navigation over the past eight years has consisted chiefly in trying to keep the elephants in balance: The boat may not go anywhere, but at least it stays afloat. The only alternative would be for all four powers to jump off neatly, cleanly, and simultaneously—a feat unknown in mid-European animal acts.

FOR MANY decades the old Austria, which Metternich's artifice had erected into a "European necessity," was held together largely by outside pressures. Today its revived fragment is sustained in great part by the imposition of opposing counterweights. This condition is somewhat puzzling to professors of political physics, but not to the Austrians themselves, who can point out that Austria has often defied the laws of gravity anyway. The result, at all events, is the achievement of an equilibrium of forces in which everyone gets something and nobody gets everything.

This is displeasing to the western powers under American leadership. They would like to save Austria wholly for the western side to which it is historically linked, and in support of this goal the United States has pumped about $1.5 billion of economic aid into the country. The equilibrium is also displeasing to Moscow, which would like to convert Austria through threats and bribes into a tributary of the eastern bloc. As a starter, Moscow has already extracted from Austria a total wealth (in plant removals, oil, business sequestrations, occupation charges, and vast smuggling operations) that is comparable to what the Americans have put in. But to Austria, whose richest areas lie along a highly vulnerable frontier adjoining Communist Czechoslovakia and Hungary (its ancient trading partners) and whose own capital city lies farther east than Prague, the balance is logical, necessary, and advantageous for the preservation of the mid-Danubian frontier way of life.

If a Westerner looks on this as opportunism, the Austrian can reply that there is no question where his heart lies. In last February's national elections, all the Soviets' blandishments and mass propaganda could not lift the Communist vote above its postwar peak of one-twentieth of the total.

The traditional image of the frivolous Janus-faced Vienna statesman bears no resemblance to that of Leopold Figl, Austria's Chancellor throughout the first seven postwar years, and now its Foreign Minister. The pint-sized Figl used to stalk in like an up-country David every other week to do battle with the Soviets' gold-braided Goliaths in their dread headquarters in the Hotel Imperial. Nor is there any suggestion of Metternichian equivocation in Austria's perennial Minister of the Interior and police boss, the Socialist Oskar Helmer, who likes nothing better than to move his barrel-shaped bulk far down into the Soviet Zone and there give the eastern occupants and their creatures a tongue lashing in scathing working-class Viennese.

Yet in an Austria dependent on quadripartite mercies, it would be impolitic to work only one side of the street. One must make accommodations and, if he is shrewd, can play one party off against the other. Thus the doughty Helmer, having built up political capital with western authorities by boldly assailing the Soviets, periodically turns about and hurls a lance of complaint at the Big Three, thereby building up a domestic reputation for bold independence and quite often getting action on his complaint as well.

Compensations in Thralldom

The new Chancellor, Julius Raab, is expert at this approach. Last spring, when the Soviets after long recalcitrance finally lifted their zonal border controls and began to return certain industrial properties to Austria, he did not make the obvious pronouncement that these concessions were welcome but only fragmentary, and long overdue compared to what the West had already granted. On the contrary, he cheered them loudly and without reservations and adopted a momentary coolness toward the West, thereby causing the western High Commissions

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to fear that a rapprochement between the Government and the Russians might be in the making. There wasn't actually any such possibility, but at least the western authorities had been given the hint that they too had better make some further concessions.

Meanwhile Austria's ex-Foreign Minister, Karl Gruber, a bushy-browed, six-foot Tyrolese whose glowering air and pounding gestures had caused a *Collier's* author to write him up as "The Man Who Says No to Stalin," took the occasion to do a little quiet work of his own, inaugurating dealings directly between Vienna and Moscow on the subject of the stymied peace treaty—a move which the three western partners at once feared might present them with a *fait accompli*. That was no doubt just what Herr Gruber wanted them to fear—again in the interest of winning some concessions. Using such techniques of self-preservation, Austria has taken quite an effective hand in managing its own occupation.

Austrians are sometimes thought of as lightheaded, waltzing sentimentalists; actually, their genius seems to consist in arousing sentiment about Austria in almost everyone except themselves. They do not, for instance, grow misty-eyed even at the thought of achieving the treaty which the world's leading statesmen have assured them they deserve. It would be good to have a treaty and be free, with no more Soviet thugs walking all over Austrian natural resources, utilities, tax laws, and civil rights, and no more uniformed young Americans prancing all over Salzburg. But still, the Austrian knows, there are compensations in not being free.

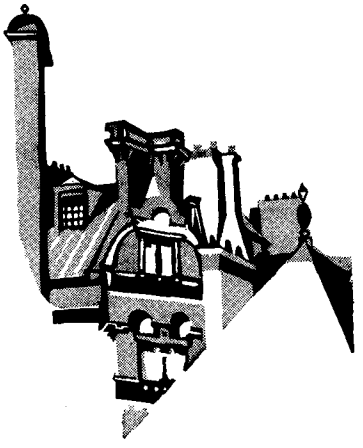
One doesn't have to raise an army or worry about his own defense (Washington will do that); one is exempt from both NATO and Cominform; one can bark without being committed to bite; and, furthermore, one can defer resolving the issue of just which Austrians are to rule Austria and by what principles—a problem complicated by the fact that Austria's two major parties are evenly balanced and ideologically rigid. One can continue instead with the present emergency coalition Government, which takes in both sides and needs to resolve nothing. "There are some advantages," an Austrian Minister remarked privately not long ago, "in maintaining a perpetual emergency here."

They Like It That Way

Do not the four occupiers, for their part, also see some advantages in the same perpetual emergency?

The suggestion is never hinted by Austrian officials, since doing so would cause them to lose face; but they still have it in mind, and suspect that the Allies do too. If the four powers really wanted a treaty for Austria, they argue, surely the 260 meetings which their delegates have held on it since 1947 could have arrived at one by now. Austrians know that responsibility for the main roadblocks in its path rests with Moscow, which introduced such utterly extraneous issues as that of the demilitarization of Trieste to halt negotiations just when they seemed to be proceeding nicely. But they also feel that the West has also been a bit intractable and tricky itself, and for a purpose.

If the western Big Three were as eager for a settlement as they claim, says the Austrian skeptic, they might have yielded a bit more back in 1949 on the matter of former German assets to be awarded to Russia when Moscow was making this a crucial point. And the American



move last year of introducing a drastically blue-penciled "short draft" treaty with terms far more favorable to Austria than the "long draft" was viewed by the Vienna Foreign Office not as a noble attempt to unfreeze the Soviets' ice jam and succor Austria, but rather as a propaganda maneuver designed to put the Soviets in the wrong—a process which usually makes them more wrong-headed than ever, as was shown on August 30 and again in November when Moscow refused to go ahead on any draft whatsoever.

But, continue the sardonic Viennese, why should the occupiers actually wish to march away in any case? It would be proper, of course, and economical besides, now that all but the French are shouldering their own occupation costs. But on the other hand, wouldn't their departure leave Austria a vacuum abhorrent to all four of them?

The Russians would lose not only some three hundred requisitioned businesses but also their advance bases which now house two combat divisions and strong tactical air units in Austria under occupational guise, and therewith the excuse for maintaining their line-of-communications troops across Czechoslovakia and Hungary for the bases. The Americans could shut down their plushy civil establishment in Vienna, but at the same time they would lose their well-developed military redoubt in Austria's mountainous west and therewith the control of the vital hinge of the Brenner Pass in case the Soviets tried to force western Europe's door. The British would have to vacate their retreats in Carinthia and Styria from which they have been keeping an unobtrusive watch over Marshal Tito's northern frontier while potting at mountain birds. The French would have to retire from Innsbruck, a good vantage point from which to dissuade Austrians from another attempt at German *Anschluss* as well as to encourage links between local Catholics and those beyond the Rhine.

In making such judgments, Austrians are attributing to others their own deeply ingrained impulse toward maintaining an equilibrium of forces rather than seeking their resolution. Austria is aware that its own present equilibrium merely keeps it in suspense; but the nation has had long experience at finding in this condition the illusion of stability—such as during the empire of Franz Josef, which spent its last three decades in a state of suspended political animation. In its internal re-

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lationships no less than its foreign ones, Austria is dedicated to the ideal of living by contrasts and hoping that they will complement rather than cancel each other out. Austria lives by the principle of *Proporz,* or proportion, in which each dominant pressure group gets its precisely calibrated share of influence, official positions, and rewards. All this results in a machine that revolves like a gyroscope and stays exactly put.

Equal and Opposite

Much of today's fine balance results from the fact that Austria's major political parties are evenly matched —the Socialists enjoying a slightly greater popular vote, while the conservative People's Party outnumbers them by one seat in Parliament and thereby retains the Chancellorship. The conservative Chancellor, however, cannot move until he obtains the assent of the Socialist Vice-Chancellor, who in effect is the Second Consul of the Republic; and as a result, Herr Raab can move very little.

A more fundamental cause of the balance, however, is Austria's economic life, or rather its two lives: On one side the nation conducts itself in Socialist fashion, and on the other in what can only be called that of enlightened medievalism plus cartels. The two extremes meet, and the result is either stalemate or an amazing outcropping of mid-Danubian ingenuity, depending on one's point of view. The only factor missing from the mixture is competitive free enterprise, which is something that Austria on one side hasn't yet attained, and on the other has managed to by-pass.

YOU DO NOT, if you want to open a butcher shop in Austria, simply go ahead and open a butcher shop. You first apprentice yourself to the butcher's trade. After becoming a duly licensed master butcher you approach the butchers' guild in the appropriate regional Chamber of Commerce to state your interest in opening a business. Under regulations solidified in 1859 as a result of centuries of Austrian guild experience, you have to have a trade license before you can open your doors. Before you can get it, government licensing authorities are enjoined under laws as recent as 1952 to find out whether the local butchers' guild approves. If your potential competitors don't welcome your competition, you don't get your license.

If, however, you do get your license, you next find that membership in guild and Chamber of Commerce is compulsory. You are not free to determine your prices, business hours, or distribution methods as you see fit. If your official trade group has already fixed them, you follow them. If you object and ask your representative in Parliament to

Figl

introduce a bill to change the setup, you find that a law of 1934 requires that drafts of all legislation affecting the interest of a trade group must first be submitted to the appropriate Chambers of Commerce, Agriculture, and Labor for "advisory opinion" before being acted upon. Your representative tells you that never, since that law was enacted, has Parliament passed a measure to which the constituted Chambers have failed to agree in advance.

Yet if, having learned the ropes, you manage to make headway and then try to expand by buying, let us say, into the beer business, you find yourself confronting the beer cartel. The beer cartel is graced by Austria's most distinguished-looking industrialist, Baron Manfred Mautner-Markhof, who affects imperial side whiskers. He runs a huge pickle and mustard empire to arouse Austrian thirst and Europe's biggest brewery combine to slake it. The beer cartel is very much like the Austrian cement, lumber, paper, foundry, chemical, wire, shoe, or soda-water cartels: Two related groups of companies dominate it, setting production agreements and prices with the aid of money from the nationalized banks and of a state that still shies from anything so radical as the Sherman Act.

In the last year before the war, according to figures gathered by the Office of the U.S. High Commissioner for Austria, there were 203 of these cartels, of which seventy-six per cent controlled the entire output of their product and ninety-eight per cent were able to exercise absolute control over prices. Ten years later, the various processes of consolidation, nationalization, and Russification had reduced the number of cartels but tightened their survivors' control: In 1951 the Austrian Institute for Economic Research reported that a third of all Austrian goods was being produced by single firms enjoying monopolies in their fields, while the next third was being produced by groups of from two to five firms, generally linked by cartel agreements. It was revealed that only the final one-sixth of the entire Austrian product was being turned out by groups of more than a dozen so-called competitors in their respective fields—and it was in this remnant area that well over ninety per cent of Austria's producers were to be found.

The Institute didn't like the look of this, and neither did the American economic aid mission. But the anti-cartel side in Austria, which chiefly means the Socialist other half, has not been very useful as an ally against restrictive practices that have stultified new enterprise. Its own aim, although masked by flowery orations concerning the need for workers' bathrooms, better parks, free milk for schoolchildren, and cheaper pickles from Baron Mautner-Markhof, adds up to a campaign for One Big Socialized Super-Cartel of everything, including the pickles. The Socialists have made considerable headway by exploiting the coalition's decision in 1946 to place under public administrators the great banks and industrial enter-

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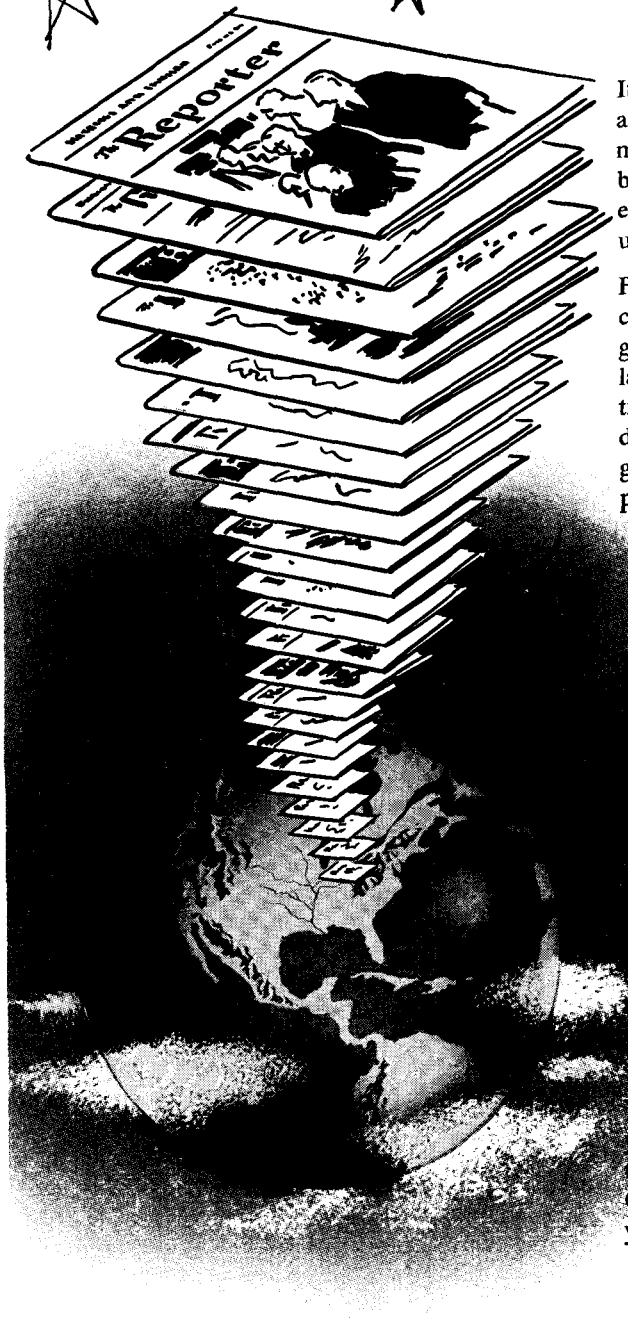

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prises that the Hitler government or its favorites had taken over, until such time as all claims could be sorted out. This involved the temporary nationalization of more than half of all Austrian corporate enterprise, including the vital sectors of steel, coal, chemicals, and electrical manufacturing. The Socialist aim has been to make this nationalization permanent, under Socialist administrators.

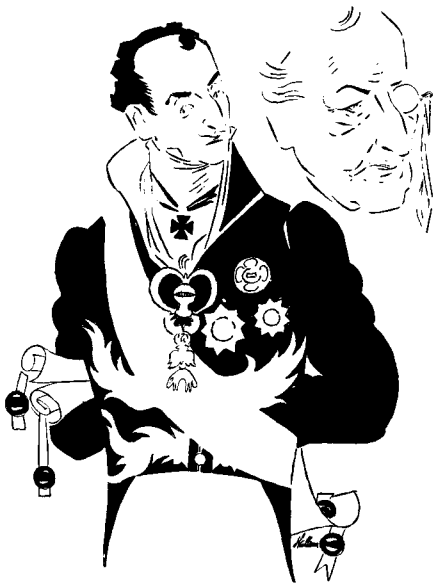
Already Karl Waldbrunner, Socialist Minister of Transportation and Nationalized Industries, presides over an empire of railroads, telecommunications, and electric power, which have been state properties for decades. He would like to "plan" the rest of the economy as well; but at this point he comes into collision with the opposite party's Minister of Finance, the sleek Dr. Reinhardt Kamitz, who is responsible for administering Austria's nationalized banks – which, however, remain so powerful in their own right that they do most of his planning for him.

Appearance and Reality

Over a long history Austria has learned the value of appearances. In the banking department particularly, things are not always what they seem. Thus the nation's number one bank, the Creditanstalt (whose failure back in 1931 touched off the mid-European part of the Great Depression) is supposed to be a nationalized and fumigated institution. Yet it is still run by a board of private directors who vote its huge blocks of stock in other concerns – for the Creditanstalt still controls between a third and a fourth of the capital of Austrian textile, electrical, construction, and food concerns, with holdings in steel and chemicals as well. Thus in effect it outreaches the nationalizers, or, shall we say, balances them.

Few people in Austria seem to know just what goes on inside it. Some hints came out when it was discovered that among the entrepreneurs it was financing was a big-time black-marketeer and supplier of the Soviets, Johann Haselgruber, and when the U. S. economic aid mission complained that sizable Marshall Plan funds advanced to it had been diverted to a Swiss subsidiary, Limor A.G., that was understood to have been involved in deals with eastern agents.

At the same time the Creditanstalt, through its close ties with the highly respectable Chamber of Commerce and League of Industrialists, virtually sets the financial policy of the People's Party, and the People's Party, in turn, reciprocates by denouncing any criticism of the bank, particularly on the part of Americans, as a nefarious scheme to undermine the capitalist side of the Austrian coalition and turn the country over to the Reds.



Metternich

LIKE THE BANKS, the entire Austrian system of government is not quite what it seems. It has all the appurtenances of a western parliamentary democracy, yet the Parliament does not really rule. The various quasi-official Chambers of Commerce, Agriculture, and Labor are each able to govern a part of the economy through membership rules, production quotas, and price and wage agreements. Each Chamber is vested with a virtual veto over legislation, and all are banded together in an Economic Council that reaches its decisions in secret and hands them down to the Chancellor. Herr Raab, himself the former head of the Chamber of Commerce, knows just how this is done: through group solidarity organized from above. "The best guarantee of the future of our middle classes," he has remarked, "lies in the compactness of the Chamber organization." As a result we have, as the easternmost vanguard of democracy in central Europe, perhaps not a corporative state but certainly a Chamber state, balanced, fixed, and rigid. The Soviets find it hard to budge it from dead center. So do we.

Tribal Politics

The People's Party, heir to the Christian Socialist tradition of Dollfuss, Schuschnigg, and Monsignor Seipel (the only man to run a modern state from a monastic cell), likes to describe its program as *Solidarismus,* which basically means holding together key interest groups through a strong executive and avoiding parliamentary struggles. The West Point for its leaders is the proud "C.V." or *Cartelverband der katholischen Studentenverbindungen*– a "cartel" of Catholic student fraternities which serves as a sort of elite freemasonry of the Right, and whose bond ties its members together for life.

The Socialist Left, meanwhile, fired by brave memories of how it went down fighting in 1934, is tied together even more closely. Through the monolithic Trade Union Federation, Austria's super-CIO, it dominates all of the country's major unions, along with the Chamber of Labor, and it runs an empire of housing developments, publishing houses, and co-operatives which form a virtual state within a state and are calculated to provide the faithful with homes, jobs, clubs, daily newspapers, outings, instructors, wine, and financial security from the cradle to the grave.

One of these self-enclosed tribal worlds is supposed to be conservative, the other radical. Yet they think alike in that they are bent chiefly on protecting their own traditions against change; and so persistent in Austria is the prestige of old ways that an aspiring Socialist leader also likes to be known as *Herr Doktor* (if only of Marxism), while even apprentices go to work carrying bulging briefcases–although everyone knows they contain only sausage sandwiches.

Between these two universes lies Austrian officialdom, which, by definition, never changes. Scene-shifters

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in the state theaters, brakemen on the railroads, gatekeepers at the zoo —all are as they were under the emperors, officials of the state, uniformed, meticulously graded, profuse in numbers, grossly underpaid, and protected by law against a mere civilian's "insult to official honor" if he should speak roughly to one of them because a train is late. Such is the accumulated overhead of Austrian statism that there are today more retired and pensioned railroad employees than active ones. The Vienna police force is several times larger than that of Detroit. Four men on an Austrian multiple streetcar do the work of one on a New York bus.

Don't Rock the Boat

In this protected, polarized, and curiously static society there is not much room for volatile forces, and the Austrian, who has had some bad experiences with these, is inclined to congratulate himself that there isn't. Apart from the Communist splinter, there exists today another fringe group of the disaffected, consisting of a mixed bag of Pan-Germanists, racists, all-out authoritarians, anti-clerical conservatives, maverick monarchists, a few anti-cartel businessmen, and a good many dream-laden small-town political Wagnerians, who this year ran an "independent" ticket that polled almost fifteen per cent of the vote. No one knows quite what they want, and neither, apparently, do they. The majority of Austrians, however, do know what they want: Don't rock the boat, if you want to keep that boat.

This ruling attitude makes them at once recalcitrant, unheroic, a trifle dull, and yet durable. Foreigners who complain of the lack of adventurous vision in Austria forget that to an Austrian, his country's mere survival is a still not wholly explained miracle. In its early Hapsburg centuries, Austria was an empire without a name; then it was reduced to a name without an empire; today it is a nation, but one without a nation's most precious attributes—urge and genius. As a ranking Austrian Cabinet member put it to me, "No country can do to itself or have done to it such things as have happened to ours and really

Franz Josef

expect to amount to much. After the First World War we lost all the great non-German areas from which we drew so much of our new blood, energy, and wealth. In 1934 our ablest Socialist element was decimated and driven out. Four years later, the Nazis drove out the most patriotic of our anti-Socialists. With them went the Jews, the most gifted people in our arts and professions. Then, in 1945, you people came along and drove out the Nazis, many of whom were also gifted. Good God, what was left? A man has got to be *something*, after all!"

A New Role for Austria

Yet, in spite of decline and a chronically low blood count, Austria does amount to much—even though a great part of the impulse for this comes from outside the country rather than within it. Austria is inescapably strategic and still rich in resources. The Soviets took the shortsighted view of trying to loot it, which prompted the Americans to restore it. The Americans have done so well, and gotten so many Austrians to roll up their sleeves and work with them, that today Austrian industrial production is at seventy per cent above prewar production; agriculture is better than prewar; the Austrian schilling, which was worthless in 1945 and threatened to dive again in 1951, is so strong today that black-marketeers have given up trying to undercut the official rate; even foreign trade, Austria's weakest link, is now beginning to approach balance.

The mark of American initiative and help now lies all over Austria, even in the Soviet Zone, in the form of new hydroelectric dams, highways, rolling mills, and improved mining and manufacturing techniques. We have provided the tools, hoping these may yet modernize the man. One thing we cannot do, however, is to assure him his foreign markets —which for Austrian high-value industrial products have traditionally been eastern ones. Before the war, what is now the Communist eastern bloc took almost a third of Austrian exports, providing basic foodstuffs in return. Today, it takes barely thirteen per cent, angling chiefly for high-priority strategic items such as ball bearings (which the West doesn't want Austria to sell to the East) and offering chiefly low-value goods ranging from paprika and tomato paste to second-rate crockery in exchange. This situation, exclaims the Austrian Minister of Trade, is "intolerable." But what's to be done about it?

WITH GREAT FORCES and great questions surging about it, Austria hopes to remain in the middle, not moving more than necessary. Once it found its mission in defending Europe against the Turks. Then it defended Europe against revolution. Today it is out to preserve itself, which history may record as an achievement too. And, until such time as Austria's dream of becoming the honest broker between East and West may be fulfilled, the nation has at least proved, for all its vine-clad Byzantinism, that it knows how to be the shrewdest buffer state in the world.

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One Writer's Encounter with Communism

My Confession

MARY McCARTHY

(*The first of two installments*)

EVERY AGE has a keyhole to which its eye is pasted. Spicy court memoirs, the lives of gallant ladies, recollections of an ex-nun, a monk's confession, an atheist's repentance, true-to-life accounts of prostitution and bastardy gave our ancestors a penny peep into the forbidden room. In our own day, this type of sensational fact-fiction is being produced largely by ex-Communists. Public curiosity shows an almost prurient avidity for the details of political defloration, and the memoirs of ex-Communists have an odd resemblance to the confessions of a white slave. Two shuddering climaxes, two rendezvous with destiny, form the poles between which these narratives vibrate: The first describes the occasion when the subject was seduced by Communism; the second shows him wresting himself from the demon embrace. Variations on the form are possible. Senator McCarthy, for example, in his book, *McCarthyism, the Fight for America,* uses a tense series of flashbacks to dramatize his encounter with Communism: The country lies passive in Communism's clasp; McCarthy awakes; voices speak to him; he hesitates; doubt sings her siren song; he is given a tryst with destiny in the lonely Arizona hills, where, surrounded by "real Americans without any synthetic sheen," he attains the decision that will send him down the long marble corridors to the Senate Caucus Room to bare the shameful commerce.

The diapason of choice plays, like movie music, round today's apostle to the Gentiles: Whittaker Chambers on a bench and, in a reprise, awake all night at a dark window, facing the void. These people, unlike ordinary beings, are shown the true course during a lightning storm of revelation, on the road to Damascus. And their decisions are lonely decisions, silhouetted against a background of public incomprehension and hostility.

I OBJECT. I have read the reminiscences of Mr. Chambers and Miss Elizabeth Bentley. I too have had a share in the political movements of our day, and my experience cries out against their experience. It is not the facts I balk at—I have never been an espionage agent—but the studio atmosphere of sublimity and purpose that enfolds the facts and the chief actor. When Mr. Chambers is mounted on his tractor, or Miss Bentley,

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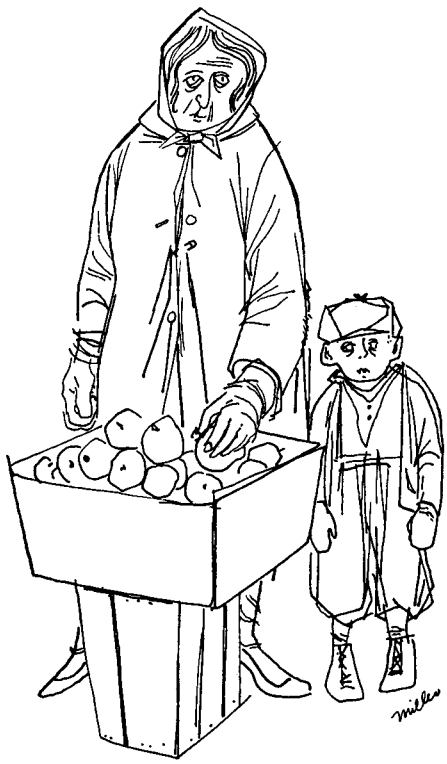
alone, is meditating her decision in a white New England church, I have the sense that they are on location and that at any moment the director will call "Cut!" It has never been like that for me; events have never waited, like extras, while I toiled to make up my mind between good and evil. In fact, I have never known these mental convulsions, which appear quite strange to me when I read about them, even when I do not question the author's sincerity.

Is it really so difficult to tell a good action from a bad one? I think one usually knows right away, or a moment afterward in a horrid flash of regret. And when one genuinely hesitates—or at least it is so in my case—it is never about anything of importance but about perplexing, trivial things, such as whether to have fish or meat for dinner, or whether to take the BMT or the IND to reach a certain destination, or whether to wear the beige or the green. The "great" decisions—those I can look back on pensively and say, "That was a turning point," have been made without my awareness. Too late to do anything about it, I discover that I have chosen.

This is particularly striking when the choice has been political or historic. For me, in fact, the mark of the historic is the nonchalance with which it picks up an individual and deposits him in a trend, like a house playfully moved by a tornado. My own experience with Communism prompts me to relate it, just because it had this inadvertence, this truth to ordinary life, that seems to me lacking in the true confessions of reformed Communists. Like Stendhal's hero who took part in something confused and disarrayed and insignificant that he later learned was the Battle of Waterloo, I joined the anti-Communist movement without meaning to and only found out afterward, through others, the meaning or "name" assigned to what I had done.

THIS OCCURRED in the late fall of 1936. Three years before, I had graduated from college—Vassar, the same college Elizabeth Bentley had gone to—without having suffered any fracture of my political beliefs or moral frame. All through college, my official political philosophy was royalism; though I was not much interested in politics, it irritated me to be told that you could not turn the clock back. But I did not see much prospect for kingship in the United States (unless we imported one like the Swedes). *Faute de mieux,* I awarded my sympathies to the Democratic Party, which I tried to look on as the party of the Southern patriciate. I conjured up a somewhat strained admiration for figures like Carter Glass and Albert Cabell Ritchie, whom I pictured as courtly statesmen with eyeglasses on ribbons in perpetual white summer suits. At the same time, I had an aversion to Republicans—a perfectly instinctive



feeling that had been with me since I was a child of eight running my wagon up and down our cement driveway and howling, "Hurray for Cox!" at the Republican neighbors who passed by. I disliked businessmen and business attitudes partly, I think, because I came from a professional (though Republican) family and had picked up a disdain for businessmen as being beneath us in education and general culture. And the prejudice against Al Smith during the 1928 election, the tinkling amusement at Mrs. Smith's vulgarity, democratized me a little in spite of myself: I was won by Smith's plebeian charm, the big coarse nose, "raddio," and rubbery politician's smile.

But this same distrust of uniformity made me shrink, in 1932, from the sloppily dressed Socialist girls at college who paraded for Norman Thomas and tirelessly argued over Cokes; their eager fellowship and scrawled placards and heavy personalities bored me—there was something, to my mind, deeply athletic about this Socialism. It was a kind of political hockey played by big, gaunt, dyspeptic girls in pants. It startled me a little, therefore, to learn that in an election poll taken of the faculty, several of my favorite teachers had voted for Thomas; in them, I decided, the Socialist faith appeared rather charming, a gracious and attractive oddity, like the English Ovals they gave you when you came for tea.

That was the winter Hitler was coming to power, and, hearing of the anti-Jewish atrocities, I had a flurry of political indignation. I wrote a prose poem that dealt, in a mixed-up way, with the Polish Corridor and the Jews. This poem was so unlike me that I did not know whether to be proud of it or ashamed of it when I saw it in a college magazine. At this period we were interested in surrealism and automatic writing, and the poem gained a certain renown because it had come out of my interior without much sense or order, just the way automatic writing was supposed to do.

But there my political development stopped. The depression was closer to home; in New York I used to see apple sellers on the street corners, and now and then a bread line, but I had a very thin awareness of mass poverty. The depression was too close to home to awaken anything but curiosity and wonder—the feelings of a child confronted with a death in the family. I was conscious of the suicides of stockbrokers and businessmen, and of the fact that some of my friends had to go on scholarships and had their dress allowances curtailed, while their mothers gaily turned to doing their own cooking. To most of us at Vassar, I think, the depression was chiefly an upper-class phenomenon.

My real interests were literary. In

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a paper for my English Renaissance seminar, I noted a resemblance between the Elizabethan Puritan pundits and the school of Marxist criticism that was beginning to pontificate about proletarian literature in the *New Masses*. I disliked the modern fanatics, cold, envious, little clerics, equally with the insufferable and ridiculous Gabriel Harvey—Cambridge pedant and friend of Spenser—who tried to introduce the rules of Latin quantity into English verse and vilified Robert Greene, a true poet who died young, in squalor and misery. I really hated absolutism and officiousness of any kind (I preferred my kings martyred) and was pleased to be able to recognize a Zeal-of-the-Land-Busy in proletarian dress. And it was through a novel that I first learned, in my senior year, about the Sacco-Vanzetti case. The discovery that two innocent men had been executed only a few years back while I, oblivious, was in boarding school, gave me a troubling shock. The case was still so near that I was tantalized by a feeling that it was not too late to do something—try still another avenue, if Governor Fuller and the Supreme Court obdurately would not be moved. An unrectified case of injustice has a terrible way of lingering restlessly in the social atmosphere, like an unfinished equation. I went on to the Tom Mooney case, which vexed not only my sense of equity but my sense of plausibility—how was it possible for the prosecution to lie so, in broad daylight, with the whole world watching?

WHEN, HOWEVER, in May, 1933, before graduation, I went down to apply for a job at the *New Republic*, I was not drawn there by the magazine's editorial policy—I hardly knew what it was—but because the book-review section seemed to me to possess a certain elegance and independence of thought that would be hospitable to a critical spirit like me. I was badly taken aback when the book-review editor, to whom I had been shunted—there was no job—puffed his pipe and remarked that he would give me a book to review if I could show him that I was either a genius or starving. "I'm not starving," I said quickly; I knew I was not a genius and I was not pleased by the suggestion that I would be taking bread from other people's mouths. I did not think this a fair criterion and in a moment I said so. In reply, he put down his pipe, shrugged, reached out for the material I had brought with me, and half-promised, after an assaying glance, to send me a book.

My notice finally appeared; it was not very good, but I did not know that and was elated. Soon I was reviewing novels and biographies for both the *New Republic* and the *Nation* and preening myself on the connection. Yet whenever I entered the *New Republic's* waiting room, I was

seized with a feeling of nervous guilt toward the shirt-sleeved editors upstairs and their busy social conscience, and, above all, toward the shabby young men who were waiting too, and who had, my bones told me, a better claim than I to the book I hoped to take away with me. They looked poor, pinched, scholarly, and supercilious, and I did not know which of these qualities made me, with my clicking high heels and fall "ensemble," seem more out of place.

I CANNOT remember the moment when I ceased to air my old royalist convictions and stuffed them away in an inner closet as you do a dress or an ornament that you perceive strikes the wrong note. It was probably at the time when I first became aware of Communists as a distinct entity. I had known about them, certainly, in college, but it was not until I came to New York that I began to have certain people, celebrities, pointed out to me as Communists and to turn my head to look at them wonderingly. I had no wish to be one of them, but the fact that they were there—an unreckoned factor—made my own political opinions take on a protective coloration.

This process had been accelerated by my marriage, a week after graduation, to an actor and playwright who was in some ways very much like me. He was the son of a Minnesota normal-school administrator who had been the scapegoat in an academic scandal that had turned him out of his job and reduced him for a time, when my husband was nine or ten, to selling artificial limbs and encyclopedia sets from door to door. My husband still brooded over his father's misfortune, like Hamlet or a character in Ibsen, and this had given his nature a sardonic twist that inclined him to behave like a paradox—to follow the mode and despise it, live in a Beekman Place apartment while lacking the money to buy groceries, play bridge with society couples and poker with the stage electricians, dress in the English style and carry a walking stick while wearing a red necktie.

HE WAS an odd-looking man, prematurely bald, with a tense, arresting figure, a broken nose, a Standard English accent, and wry circumflexed eyebrows. There was something about him both baleful and quizzical; whenever he stepped on the stage he had the ironic air of a symbol. This curious appearance of his disqualified him for most Broadway roles; he was too young for character parts and too bald for juveniles. Yet just this disturbing ambiguity—a Communist painter friend did a drawing of him that brought out a resemblance to Lenin—suited the portentous and equivocal atmosphere of left-wing drama. He smiled dryly at Marxist terminology, but there was social anger in him. During the years we were married, the only work he found was in productions of "social" significance. He played for the Theatre Union in *The Sailors of Cattaro*, about a

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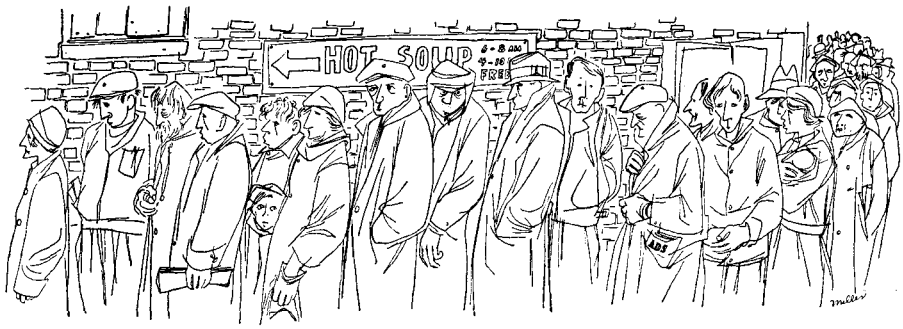
mutiny in the Austrian fleet, and in *Black Pit,* about coal miners; the following year he was in *Winterset* and Archibald MacLeish's *Panic*—the part of a blind man in both cases. He wrote revue sketches, and plays nobody produced, in a mocking, despairing, but nonetheless radical vein; he directed the book of a musical called *Americana,* which featured the song "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" I suppose there was something in him of both the victim and the leader, an undertone of totalitarianism; he was very much interested in the mythic qualities of leadership and talked briskly about a Farmer-Labor party in his stage English accent. Notions of the superman and the genius flickered across his thoughts. But this led him, as it happened, away from politics into sheer personal vitalism, and it was only in plays that he entered "at the head of a mob." In personal life he was very winning, but that is beside the point here.



THE POINT IS that we both, through our professional connections, began to take part in a left-wing life to which we felt superior, which we laughed at, but which nevertheless was influencing us without our being aware of it. If the composition of the body changes every seven years, the composition of our minds during the seven years of our engagement and marriage had slowly changed, so that though our thoughts looked the same to us, inside we had been altered, like an old car that has had part after part replaced.

We wore our rue with a difference; we should never have considered joining the Communist Party. We were not even fellow travelers; we did not sign petitions or join front groups. We were not fools, after all, and were no more deceived by the League Against War and Fascism, say, than by a Chinatown bus with a load of shills aboard. It was part of our metropolitan sophistication to know the truth about Communist fronts. We accepted the need for social reform, but we declined to draw the "logical" inference that the Communists wanted us to draw from this. We argued with the comrades backstage in the dressing rooms and at literary cocktail parties; I was attacked by a writer in the *New Masses.* We knew about Lovestoneites and Trotskyites, even while we were ignorant of the labor theory of value, the law of uneven development, the theory of permanent revolution vs. socialism in one country, and so on. "Lovestone is a Lovestoneite!" John wrote in wax on his dressing-room mirror, and on his door in the old Civic Repertory he put up a sign, "Through these portals pass some of the most beautiful tractors in the Ukraine."

The comrades shrugged and laughed, a little unwillingly. They knew we were not hostile but merely unserious politically. The comrades who knew us best used to assure us that our sophistication was just an armor; underneath we must care for the same things they did. They were mistaken, I am afraid. Speaking for myself, I cannot remember a single broad altruistic emotion visiting me during that period—the kind of emotion the simpler comrades, with their shining eyes and exalted faces, seemed to have in copious secretion.

And yet it was true: We were not hostile. We marched in May Day parades, just for the fun of it, and sang "Hold the Fort, for We Are Coming," and "Bandiera Rossa," and "The Internationale," though we always bellowed "The *Socialist* International Shall be the human race," instead of "The International Soviet," to pique the Communists in our squad. We took part in evening clothes in a consumers' walkout at the Waldorf to support a waiters' strike; the Communists had nothing to do with this and we grew very excited (we did have negative feelings) when another young literary independent was arrested and booked. During a strike at Ohrbach's, John joined the sympathetic picketing and saw two of his fellow actors carried off in the Black Maria; they missed a matinee and set off a controversy about what was the *first* responsibility of a Communist playing in a proletarian drama. We went once or twice to a class in Marxism for actors, just to see what was up; we went to a debate on "Freud and/or Marx?" to a debate on the execution of the hundred and four White Guards following Kirov's assassination.

MOST EX-COMMUNISTS nowadays when they write their autobiographies or testify before Congressional committees are at pains to point out that their actions were very, very bad and their motives very, very good. I would say the reverse of myself, though without the intensives. I see no reason to disavow my actions, which were perfectly all right, but my motives give me a little embarrassment, and just because I cannot disavow them; that fevered, contentious, trivial show-off

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in the May Day parade is still recognizably me.

We went to dances at Webster Hall and took our uptown friends. We went to parties to raise money for the sharecroppers, for the Pierre Degeyter Society, for the Theatre Union, for the *New Masses*. These parties generally took place in a borrowed apartment, often a sculptor's or commercial artist's studio. You paid for your drinks, which were dispensed at a long table; the liquor was dreadful; the glasses were small, and there was never enough ice. Long-haired men in turtle-neck sweaters marched into the room in processions and threw their overcoats on the floor, against the wall, and sat on them; they were only artists and bit actors, but they gave these affairs a look of gangsterish menace, as if the room were guarded by the goons of the future. On couches with wrinkled slip covers little spiky-haired girls like spiders, dressed in peasant blouses and carapaced with Mexican jewelry, made voracious passes at baby-faced juveniles; it was said that they did it "for the Party," as a recruiting effort. Vague soft-faced old women with dust mops of whitish hair wandered benevolently about seeking a listener; on a sofa against a wall, like a deity, sat a bearded scion of an old Boston family, stiff as a post. All of us, generally, became very drunk; the atmosphere was horribly sordid, with cigarette burns on tables, spilled drinks, ashes everywhere, people passed out on the bed with the coats or necking, you could not be sure which. Nobody cared what happened because there was no host or hostess. The fact that a moneyed person had been simple enough to lend the apartment seemed to make the guests want to desecrate it, to show that they were exercising not a privilege but a right.

Obviously I must have hated these parties, but I went to them, partly because I was ashamed of my own squeamishness, and partly because I had a curiosity about the Communist men I used to see there: not the actors or writers, but the higher-ups, impresarios and theoreticians—dark, smooth-haired owls with large white lugubrious faces and glasses. These were the spiritual directors of the Communist cultural celebrities, and they moved about at these parties like so many monks or abbés in a worldly salon. I had always liked to argue with the clergy, and I used to argue with these men, who always had the air, as they stood with folded arms, of listening not to a disagreement but to a confession. Whenever I became tight, I would bring up (oh, *vino veritas*) the Czar and his family. I did not see why they all had had to be killed—the Czar himself, yes, perhaps, and the Czarina, but not the young girls and the children. I knew the answer, of course (the young Czarevitch or one of his sisters might have served as a rallying point for the counter-revo-

lutionary forces), but still I gazed hopefully into these docents' faces, seeking a trace of scruple or compassion. But I saw only a marmoreal astuteness. The question, they said with finality, was of bourgeois origin.

The next morning I was always bitterly ashamed. I had let these omniscient men see the real me underneath, and the other me squirmed and gritted her teeth and muttered, Never, never, *never* again. And yet they had not convinced me—there was the paradox. The superiority I felt to the Communists I knew had, for me at any rate, good grounding; it was based on their lack of humor, their fanaticism, and the slow drip of cant that thickened their utterance, like a nasal catarrh. *And yet* I was tremendously impressed by them. They made me feel petty and shallow; they had, shall I say, a daily ugliness in their life that made my pretty life tawdry. I think all of us who moved in that ambience must have felt something of the kind, even while we laughed at them. When John and I, for instance, would say of a certain actor, "He is a Party member," our voices always contained a note of respect. This respect might be mixed with pity, as when we saw some blue-eyed young profile, fresh from his fraternity and his C average, join up because a sleazy girl had persuaded him. The literary Communists I sincerely despised because I was able to judge the quality of the work they published and see their dishonesty and contradictions; even so, when I beheld them in person, at a Webster Hall dance, I was troubled and felt perhaps I had wronged them—perhaps there was something in them that my vision could not perceive, as some eyes cannot perceive color.

PEOPLE SOMETIMES say that they envied the Communists because they were so "sure." In my case, this was not exactly it; I was sure, too, intellectually speaking, as far as I went. That is, I had a clear mind and was reasonably honest, while many of the Communists I knew were pathetically fogged up. In any case, my soul was not particularly hot for certainties.

And yet in another way I did envy the Communists, or, to be more accurate, wonder whether I ought to envy them. I could not, I saw, be a Communist because I was not "made that way." Hence, to be a Communist was to possess a sort of privilege. And this privilege, like all privileges, appeared to be a source of power. Any form of idiocy or aberration can confer this distinction on its owner, at least in our age, which aspires to a "total" experience; in the 1930's, it was the Communists who seemed fearsomely to be the happy few, not because they had peace or certitude, but because they were a mutation—a mutation that threatened, in the words of their own anthem, to become the human race.

There was something arcane in every Communist, and the larger this area was the more we respected him. That was why the literary Communists, who operated in the open, doing hatchet work on artists' reputations, were held in such relatively low esteem. An underground worker

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rated highest with us; next were the theoreticians and oracles; next were the activists, who mostly worked, we heard, on the waterfront. Last came the rank and file, whose work consisted of making speeches, distributing leaflets, attending Party and fraction meetings, joining front organizations, marching in parades and demonstrations. These people we dismissed as uninteresting, not so much because their work was routine, but because the greater part of it was visible. In the same way, among individual comrades, we looked up to those who were close-lipped and stern about their beliefs and we disparaged the more voluble members—the forensic little actors in built-up shoes who tried to harangue us in the dressing rooms. The idea of a double life was what impressed us: The more talkative comrades seemed to have only one life, like us; but even they, we had to remind ourselves, had a secret annex to their personality, which was signified by their Party name. It is hard not to respect somebody who has an alias.

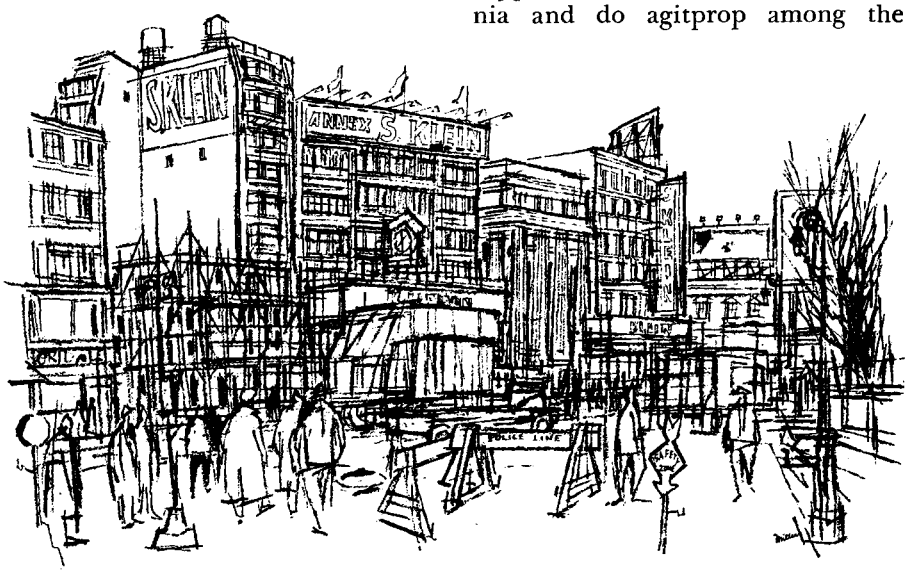
Of fellow travelers we had a very low opinion. People who were not willing to "go the whole way" filled us with impatient disdain. The only fellow travelers who merited our notice were those of whom it was said, "The Party prefers that they remain on the outside." I think some fellow travelers circulated such stories about themselves deliberately, in order to appear more interesting. There was another type of fellow traveler who let it be known that they stayed out of the Party because of some tiny doctrinal difference with Marxism. This tiny difference magnified them enormously in their own eyes and allowed them to bear gladly the accusation of cowardice. I knew one such person very well—a spruce, ingratiating swain, the heir to a large fortune—and I think it was not cowardice but a kind of pietistic vanity. He felt he cut more of a figure if he seemed to be doing the Party's dirty work gratuitously, without compulsion, like an oblate.

IN MAKING these distinctions (which were the very distinctions the Party made), I had no idea, of course, that I was allowing myself to be influenced by the Party in the field where I was most open to suasion—the field of social snobbery. Yet in fact I was being deterred from forming any political opinions of my own, lest I find I was that despised article, a "mere" socialist or watery liberal, in the same way that a young snob coming to college and seeing who the "right" people are will strive to make no friends rather than be caught with the wrong ones.

For me, the Communist Party was *the* Party, and even though I did not join it, I prided myself on knowing that it was the pinnacle. It is only now that I see the social component in my attitude. At the time, I simply supposed that I was being clear-sighted and logical. I used to do research and typing for a disgruntled middle-aged man who was a freak for that day—an anti-Communist Marxist—and I was bewildered by his anti-Party bias. While we were drinking hot tea, Russian style, from glasses during the intervals of our work, I would try to show him his mistake. "Don't you think it's rather futile," I expostulated, "to criticize the Party the way you do, from the outside? After all, it's the *only* working-class party, and if *I* were a Marxist I would join it and try to reform it." Snorting, he would raise his small deep-set blue eyes and stare at me and then try patiently to show me that there was no democracy in the Party. I listened disbelievingly. It seemed to me that it would just be a question of converting first one comrade and then another to your point of view till gradually you had achieved a majority. And when my employer assured me that they would throw you out if you tried that, my twenty-three-year-old wisdom cocked an eyebrow. I thought I knew what was the trouble: He was a pathologically lazy man, and his growling criticisms of the Party were simply a form of malingering, like the aches and pains he used to manufacture to avoid working on an article. A real revolutionary who was not afraid of exertion would get into the Party and fight.

THE CURIOUS IDEA that being critical of the Party was a compelling reason for joining it must have been in the air, for the same argument was brought to bear on me in the summer of 1936—the summer my husband and I separated and that I came closest to the gravitational pull of the Communist world. Just before I went off to Reno, there was a week in June when I stayed in Southampton with the young man I was planning to marry and a little Communist organizer, in an old summer house furnished with rattan and wicker and Chinese matting and mother-of-pearl and paper fans. We had come there for a purpose. The little organizer had just been assigned a car—a battered old Ford roadster that had been turned over to the Party for the use of some poor organizer; it may have been the very car that figured in the Hiss case. My fiancé, who had known the organizer for years, was going to teach him to drive.

We were all at a pause in our lives. The following week our friend was supposed to take the car to California and do agitprop among the



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migrant fruitpickers; I was to go to Reno; my fiancé, a vivacious young bachelor, was to conquer his habits of idleness and buckle down to a serious job. Those seven days, therefore, had a special, still quality, like the days of a novena you make in your childhood; a part of each of them was set aside for the Party's task. It was early in June; the musty house, which belonged to my fiancé's parents, still had the winter smell of mice and old wood and rust and mildew. The summer colony had not yet arrived; the red flag, meaning that it was dangerous to swim, flew daily on the beach; the roads were nearly empty. Every afternoon, we would drive the old car, canvas flapping, to a deserted stretch of straight road in the dunes, where the neophyte could take the wheel.

He was a large-browed, dwarfish man in his late thirties, with a deep widow's peak, a bristly short mustache, and a furry Western accent—rather simple, open-natured, and cheerful—the sort of person who might have been a small-town salesman or itinerant newspaperman. There was an energetic, hopeful innocence about him that was not confined to his political convictions—he could *not* learn to drive. Every day the same thing happened. He would settle his frail yet stocky figure trustingly in the driver's seat, grip the wheel, step on the starter, and lose control of the car, which would shoot away in low or reverse for a few perilous feet till my fiancé turned off the ignition; Ansel always mistook the gas for the brake and forgot to steer while he was shifting gears.

IT WAS CLEAR that he would never be able to pass the driver's test at the county seat. In the evenings, to make up to him for his oncoming disappointment (we smiled when he said he could start without a license), we encouraged him to talk about the Party and tried to take an intelligent interest. We would sit by the lamp and drink and ask questions, while he smoked his short pipe and from time to time took a long draught from his highball, like a man alone musing in a chair.

Finally one night, in the semidark, he knocked out his pipe and said to me: "You're very critical of the Party. Why don't you join it?" A thrill went through me, but I laughed, as when somebody has proposed to you and you are not sure whether he is serious. "I don't

think I'd make very good material." "You're wrong," he said gravely. "You're just the kind of person the Party needs. You're young and idealistic and independent." I broke in: "I thought independence was just what the Party didn't want." "The Party needs criticism," he said. "But it needs it from the inside. If people like you who agree with its main objectives would come in and criticize, we wouldn't be so narrow and sectarian." "You admit the Party is narrow?" exclaimed my fiancé. "Sure, I admit it," said Ansel, grinning. "But it's partly the fault of people like Mary who won't come in and broaden us." And he confided that he himself made many of the same criticisms I did, but he made them from within the Party, and so could get himself listened to. "The big problem of the American Party," said Ansel, puffing at his pipe, "is the smallness of the membership. People say we're ruled from Moscow; I've never seen any sign of it. But let's suppose it's true, for the sake of argument. This just means that the American Party isn't big enough yet to stand on its own feet. A big indigenous party couldn't be ruled from Moscow. The will of the members would have to rule it, just as their dues and contributions would support it." "That's where I come in, I suppose?" I said, teasing. "That's where you come in," he calmly agreed. He turned to my fiancé. "Not you," he said. "You won't have the time to give to it. But for Mary I think it would be an interesting experiment."

An interesting experiment. . . . I let the thought wander through my mind. The subject recurred several times by the lamplight, though with no particular urgency. Ansel, I thought (and still think), was speaking sincerely, and partly in my own interest, almost as a spectator, as if he would be diverted to see how I worked out in the Party.

All this gave me quite a new sense of Communism and of myself too; I had never looked upon my character in such a favorable light. And as a beneficiary of Ansel's charity, I felt somewhat ashamed of the very doubt it raised: the suspicion that he might be blind to the real facts of inner Party life. I could admire where I could not follow, and, studying Ansel, I decided that I admired the Communists and would probably be one if I were the person he thought me. Which I was afraid I was not. For me, such a wry conclusion is always uplifting, and I had the feeling that I mounted in understanding when Sunday morning came and I watched Ansel pack his sturdy suitcase and his briefcase full of leaflets into the old roadster. He had never yet driven more than a few yards by himself, and we stood on the front steps to await what was going to happen: He would not be able to get out of the driveway, and we would have to put him on the train and return the car to the Party when we came back to New York.

As we watched, the car began to move; it picked up speed and grated into second, holding to the middle of the road as it turned out of the driveway. It hesitated and went into third: Ansel was driving! Through the back window, we saw his figure hunched over the wheel; the road dipped and he vanished. We had witnessed a miracle, and we turned back into the house, frightened. All day we sat waiting for the call that would tell us there had been an accident, but the day passed without a sound, and by nightfall we accepted the phenomenon and pictured the little car on the highway, traveling steadily west in one indefatigable thrust, not daring to stop for gas or refreshment, lest the will of the driver falter.

(The concluding section of Miss McCarthy's memoir will appear in our next issue.)

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One Way From Siberia

CHARLES THAYER

THE TELEPHONE rang in my Berlin office.

"Its G-2 on the red line" my secretary called. I pushed the red button and picked up the receiver.

"This is Colonel Hamilton, G-2 Berlin Headquarters. We've got a Russian civilian at the Berlin Escapee Compound who just came over from the Soviet Sector. Says he knows you. Says he used to be a chauffeur in the U.S. Embassy in Moscow. I don't want to give any names over the phone. Do you suppose you could drop over and check his story? It sounds fishy."

At the G-2 Office in the U.S. Headquarters in Berlin, the Colonel gave me the escapee's name: "Alexander Lebedev. Know anybody by that name?"

"Of course. Sasha, we called him. Used to be my chauffeur."

So they sent for Sasha from the compound. While we waited I told the Colonel what I knew about him.

In the 1930's Sasha Lebedev had been one of the more spectacular members of a very spectacular staff in the U.S. Embassy in Moscow. He'd started working for us as a motorcycle messenger and had gradually risen to become chauffeur for the Ambassador. But he had presently been demoted to being my chauffeur, after he'd taken the Ambassador's convertible out for a spin without permission and crumpled a fender.

Before he came to us Sasha had been a mechanic in the Red Air Force, and had gotten a medal for crawling out on a wing of a crippled plane in the air and repairing the engine. The medal kept Sasha out of trouble with the police for years.

In addition to being probably the best mechanic the Embassy had, Sasha could find us almost anything we needed in Moscow's rather meager market. He once got one of the larger ladies of the Embassy an outsized ballet costume for a fancy-dress ball on twenty minutes' notice. To do it, he'd had to call the major general in charge of the Ballet Theater from his supper, but such things didn't faze Sasha. He had even bought me a couple of riding horses. It was strictly contrary to the Soviet Constitution for private citizens to own livestock, but the receipts and papers for the horses looked as legal as could be desired. I didn't ask how he did it.

Once when I told Sasha I wanted a fur rug just like the one the New York *Times* correspondent had, he produced one so similar that I couldn't tell the difference. The only trouble was that the next time I saw the *Times* correspondent he complained that his fur rug had been stolen. Finally we had to fire Sasha for throwing bricks at the other chauffeurs. He objected strenuously, and refused to be fired. We relented and let him stay on. We fired him eight times before he finally agreed to leave.

AFTER he left us, Sasha started working as a mechanic for a troupe of motorcycle stunt riders who thrilled the proletariat by riding around the inside of an enormous barrel. Eventually he bought out the owner of the act, hired someone else to be the mechanic, and rode around the inside of the barrel himself, to the wild cheers of the crowds. The last I saw of Sasha was one day when he drove past me at breakneck speed sitting at the wheel of the convertible that he had once borrowed from the Ambassador. He waved and shouted, "It's all *mine* now!" In those days private cars were almost as scarce as private horses in the Soviet Union.

Reunion

When Sasha arrived to greet me at the Escapee Compound, he was still all grins and laughter.

"Well, Gospodin Thayer, think of seeing you here! You haven't changed a bit!" He was as self-possessed as though he were picking me up to take me to the office.

"You haven't changed much either," I answered. "What's up?"

"Need a chauffeur?" he asked. "I guess I'm beginning at the bottom again."

"Maybe. But first let's hear how

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you happen to be in Berlin instead of Moscow."

"I got into a bit of trouble there. So I thought I better get out."

It had all started, he said, during the war. They had drafted him in the fall of 1941 and put him in the infantry. "Said I was too old to fly. Imagine it!"

Sasha helped himself to a chair next to me, sat down, straightened out his neat blue serge suit, crossed his knees, and proudly displayed a brand-new pair of black shoes.

"Our very first action was up at Kalinin—you remember, where we used to go swimming in the Volga. I got captured right away and they took me off to Germany. They tried to make me join up with the anti-Bolshevik Russian Army under Vlasov. I would have except I'm a Jew, and Vlasov's boys would have spotted it. I told the Germans I was a Ukrainian and they didn't know any better.

"Anyway, it wasn't too bad. They set me to work in a factory where they made rubber stamps. It wasn't heavy work, and when the war ended they sent me back to Russia." Sasha smiled as he accepted a cigarette. On his round, jolly face the same old wrinkles appeared about the eyes, the flat nose, and the mouth.

At first the Eastworkers and ex-prisoners thought they would be shot for having allowed themselves to be captured. But they were only sent to correctional camps in Siberia. "Re-orientation Settlements, they called them," Sasha explained. "Every other day we had to report to the police. They gave us work to do—plenty! I worked in a sawmill for two years till I just couldn't take it any longer. We lived in big, dirty barracks where two people shared every bunk; bad food, no amusements, no movies, no books, nothing. Why, even as a prisoner in Germany I had had a bed to myself."

The Stamp

Sasha knew it wasn't easy to get out of Siberia, but, he said, he was really fed up, and that made him think better. Besides, he knew how to make rubber stamps, and you can work miracles in Russia with a rubber stamp—provided it's round. Square ones and triangular ones don't cut much ice, but round rubber stamps are seals, and no one is allowed to own one without a police permit.

"Remember the one you got from America with just your name on it?" Sasha asked. "We could buy tickets to the ballet every night with that. They are very useful if you know how to use them." Sasha winked malevolently.

So Sasha got to work to make himself a stamp out of an old inner tube. He had a hard time figuring out what to put on the stamp. He couldn't just fake an MVD police seal. They would have caught up with him in ten minutes. He had to think of something that would never be put on any other stamp. First he thought of the Trust for the Exploitation of Meteoric Metals, but then he remembered that back before the war someone else had tried

that and had ended up in Siberia. Then he had an inspiration: the State Institute for the Development of Reversible Jets. Sasha proceeded on the theory that people with minds small enough to examine stamps are never very analytical. Besides, if anyone asked him about it he could just say "atom work," and that would put an end to further questions.

His scheme was to send a letter from the fake Institute to the settlement police ordering them to send him to work at the Institute in Moscow. The letter would explain that he was a very valuable scientist, needed for important research.

His next problem was mailing the letter. If he just put it in the settlement mailbox, the censor would smell a rat. Then he figured that if he could get a job in the settlement post office he could mail the letter himself and check on the reply too if necessary. A girl was running the post office at the time—not much of a girl, Sasha intimated. She had been sent up for "reorientation" after being caught running a questionable business in Baku.

"But anyway I played up to her. Took her for walks in the forest on rest days and picked berries for her and helped her carry the mail sacks and finally ended up as her assistant. She was a lazy witch, and as long as I kept her happy after hours she let me handle all the mail while she slept behind the stove."

SASHA MADE his stamp and wrote the letter from the fake Institute to the settlement telling how much he was needed and to please send him back to Moscow at once. A few days later as he was sorting the outgoing mail Sasha spotted a letter addressed to the Institute for the Development of Reversible Jets from the settlement administration. He opened it and found to his dismay that the settlement administration wanted a signed and sealed order from the Federal Prosecutor's Office in Moscow authorizing Lebedev's return to Moscow. Sasha was furious.

"The suspicious sons-of-guns! It meant I'd have to forge another letter from the Prosecutor and make another seal. And how was I going to get a copy of the Prosecutor's seal?"

But it wasn't long before he'd worked out that problem. He wrote a letter ostensibly from the settlement administration to the Federal Prosecutor asking whether it would be all right to rename the settlement after Stalin.

"I figured I'd better ask some damn fool question like that. Otherwise the Prosecutor would refer the matter to another office and it would be weeks before he answered."

Sure enough, in ten days back came a letter from the Prosecutor saying it was not only legal but a very good idea indeed to name the settlement after Stalin. In the lower left-hand corner there was the seal Sasha was after. A few days later the settlement got what looked like an order from the Prosecutor's Office ordering Lebedev's immediate release. With it was enclosed a very curt letter from the Institute for the Development of Reversible Jets threatening to denounce the settlement administration for sabotaging the national economy if Lebedev

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wasn't in Moscow within two weeks.

"It was a very hot letter, I'll admit. But I was angry. Winter was coming and I knew I'd go insane if I stayed around there any more. Besides, the wench in the post office was getting ideas about my marrying her."

THE letter and enclosure did the trick. The next day Sasha was called into the settlement administration headquarters and told he was to go to Moscow to work for the Reversible Jet Institute. Sasha acted as though he'd been expecting something of the sort for a long time and had wondered why the Institute hadn't sent for him before, as he was the greatest living authority on reversible jets in the world. It had been an outrage keeping him in detention like this, he complained.

The settlement administration officials were a bit puzzled, because their records showed Lebedev was a mechanic, but they said they were very sorry and it hadn't been their fault. To make up for it, they were going to send him by plane, accompanied by an MVD policeman so that he could be delivered safely to the Institute. Sasha replied that it wasn't at all necessary to send the policeman because he was an experienced traveler and didn't want to put the administration to all that inconvenience. The officials insisted, and Sasha eventually gave in to avoid making them suspicious.

The next day Sasha and his police escort, a big, hulking soldier called Stepenko, set off by train to Novosibirsk, where they'd catch a plane to Moscow. At Sasha's suggestion the administration had given Stepenko several thousand rubles: "Life is not so cheap in Moscow as it is out here," Sasha had told them superciliously. Two days later they arrived in Moscow and, again at Sasha's suggestion, went straight to the new Moscow Hotel, the best in town.

"That policeman sure was dumb! He didn't know anything and did whatever I told him—almost."

Stepenko did, however, insist that he have a receipt from the State Institute for the Development of Reversible Jets before he'd let Lebedev go. That was easy. Sasha told his escort to write a letter to the Institute announcing their arrival and asking for instructions and a receipt. The next day Sasha dropped a letter into a mailbox addressed to Stepenko at the hotel, enclosing a receipt for "Professor" Lebedev and telling Stepenko to send the Professor to a certain street corner where he'd be picked up by a representative of the Institute and taken to its headquarters, the whereabouts of which was, of course, a state secret. The letter added that Stepenko should return to Siberia at once, for security reasons.

THAT NIGHT the two of them went out on the town and got a little drunk. Stepenko told Sasha wistfully how sorry he was to have to go back to Siberia and how lucky Sasha was to have a job in the big city. Sasha was touched and promised to see what he could do to fix up Stepenko with a job in Moscow. It might take time, Sasha said, but Stepenko could rely on him to find out what the prospects were.

"I began to feel sorry for the fool. He'd been so co-operative every time I wanted to give him the slip."

The next day Sasha set off for the appointed street corner and Stepenko sadly made his way to the Kazanski Station.

"The first thing I did when Stepenko was out of sight was to take a long walk all around dear old Moscow. I had done a neat piece of work,

I thought, and it all looked so legal, what with the receipts and all."

Sasha smiled a very self-satisfied smile.

"And then what happened?" I asked.

"Oh, everything worked out fine for a while. I got myself a job as a mechanic and pretty soon they made me foreman of the shop and I made plenty of money."

He used the seal only when he absolutely had to: for an apartment on Gorki Street, where only generals or professors ordinarily could find quarters, for a *dacha* in the country, and occasionally for a ticket to the ballet or the opera.

"EVERYTHING went fine for nearly two years, until one day I was walking up past one of the new office buildings near the Lubyanka when I spotted a shiny brass plate on the entrance: 'State Institute for the Development of Reversible Jets.' I stopped in my tracks. The hair on the back of my head began to prickle. My knees went limp for a second, but before anyone had noticed I pulled myself together and walked on to the end of the block. At the corner I stopped and turned around to have another look. Maybe I'd read the thing wrong. But there was no mistake.

"And then I got mad! Who was fooling whom? I pushed open the door of the building and climbed three flights of stairs to the office of the Institute and shoved right in. And who do you suppose I found sitting in a big overstuffed leather chair behind a brand-new desk and wearing a double-breasted blue suit—that big, ignorant, uncultured Stepenko!"

Stepenko looked a little surprised at Sasha's sudden appearance, but he smiled and motioned him to a chair.

Delighted to see you, Professor Lebedev," he began. "I was wondering whether we would meet again."

Sasha was still furious: "Why aren't you in Siberia where you belong?"

"Why, Professor, I'm surprised that you should ask such questions. I never would. You told me yourself that this operation was very secret. As to why I left Siberia, I guess I felt just as you did about it, especially after you'd shown me the sights of Moscow."

"But how did you get out of the MVD and into this place?"

"That's another indiscreet question, Professor. But the truth is I wasn't sure you were being as helpful as you promised about getting me a job, especially since I never heard from you. So I decided to strike out

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for myself. And besides, you don't really think that I swallowed all the fairy story you gave me when we came here, did you? Why, the very first time I went through your belongings on the train to Novosibirsk I found that wonderful little round stamp."

"And you copied it, you louse! Why couldn't you at least have made another one?"

"Please, Professor, don't be angry with me. I can't make rubber stamps like you can. We're not all as clever with our hands. But God gave me a head, so I just got some blank sheets of paper and make a couple of hundred impressions. So far I've only used twenty and I've been here for nearly two months. Look how I've fixed this place up." Stepenko pointed proudly around his office. "And, of course, an apartment and a Pobeda. Right now I'm dickering for a big Zis limousine and a chauffeur. The budget the Air Ministry granted me for research is only a half a million rubles, but it does me very well, especially as the research doesn't cost much," Stepenko concluded with a large wink.

SASHA WENT HOME to think things over. He thought long and hard. One thing became very clear. There could not be two Reversible Jet Institutes in Moscow.

"And I couldn't exactly sue the devil in the courts. I thought of joining up with him, but you can't have partnerships in that sort of thing in the Soviet Union. Sooner or later one or the other begins telling things to the MVD. There was only one thing I could do. It was a difficult decision. I love Moscow. I love everything about it except the police and the scoundrels in the Kremlin. But it wasn't big enough for Stepenko and me both. So I got out my rubber stamp and wrote myself a travel order to go to Berlin to buy some equipment for the Institute, and, while I was about it, an order on the State Bank for a hundred thousand rubles from Stepenko's account. I took a first-class compartment on the Berlin Express, and here I am."

Sasha pulled out a wad of thousand-ruble notes: "Here's what's left of the rubles. I guess they're not going to be much good from now on. What about that job as a chauffeur?"

How to Hate Americans

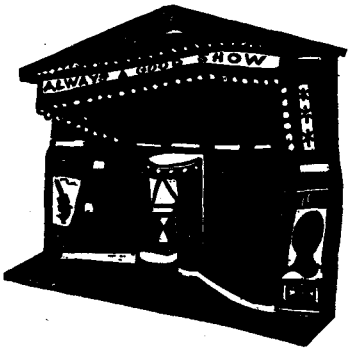
M. R. WERNER

BEING ONE of the three people born in New York City, I herewith compile for Europeans, out of my experience as an American, one general principle and eight specific suggestions for hating Americans easily.

In general, the safest way to hate Americans is to lump them all together in one unattractive bunch.

Here are the suggestions:

1. *Hate Americans because they are rich.* Of course, not all Ameri-



cans are rich, but that need not stand in the way of generalization. In fact it is also easy to hate Americans because with all that money they permit poverty. More Americans have money than people of any other one nationality, and so there are more of them to envy and hate. The littler Americans who have saved up from their salaries to take in some Old World culture can be pitied and despised when they arrive at the seats of that culture because of their jejune yearnings rather than admired for any sincere aspirations they may have.

And it is best to concentrate on those Americans who may prefer the comfort of the porcelain bathtub to the grandeur of the stained-glass windows of Chartres. Of course, there are Americans who like both, but the effective way to hate Americans is to concentrate.

Drinking and Thinking

2. *Hate Americans because they drink too much.* There is a little difficulty to overcome here. The United States is one of the few nations that ever endured prohibition. Ever since the 1840's there has been a virulent temperance movement in America. Millions of Americans drink nothing but water or milk. I remember one Paris concierge who complained that Americans were like fish: They always had to have their water, either for drinking or to bathe in. To bolster up the charge that too many Americans drink too much, it would be well to refer to the large number of American soldiers and sailors all over Europe and in some parts of Asia and Africa who, while they are preparing and waiting for the unpleasant job of defending themselves and other peoples from sudden aggression, will sometimes take to drink. There are also plenty of American tourists on holiday who find life lonely at that desperate hour of six o'clock in the evening in a foreign hotel and start drinking after a friendless day of talking to themselves while visiting museums and churches.

3. *Hate Americans because they are always thinking and talking about business and work.*

Point out that the United States has no leisure class. Be careful not to put the charge that Americans are like ants in the same clause of the indictment with the complaint that hordes of American grasshoppers invade Europe every summer, shedding their dollars all over the place and running around frantically in automobiles and airplanes. Just

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say that the American is a robot on an assembly line.

Movies and McCarthy

5. *Hate Americans for their movies and commercial radio and television.*

Here extreme caution is advisable because of the large market for Hollywood movies all over Europe, and because of the increasing tendency, rightly or wrongly, to pay commercialism in American radio and television the tribute of imitation.

6. *Hate Americans because they do not produce great art and literature.*

Be careful to ignore the fact that the United States has been organized as a nation for only 164 years. Also, do not read Poe, Emerson, Thoreau, Melville, Mark Twain, Henry James, and William Faulkner or you might change your mind. Keep away from American art museums and symphony concerts; they are too crowded anyway. Concentrate on comic books and the lurid covers put on twenty-five-cent books by some greedy publishers.

7. *Hate Americans for "McCarthyism."*

In this connection, it would be well not to listen to or read the large number of Americans who consider Cohn and Schine adolescent vigilantes and Senator McCarthy a desperately ambitious demagogue, useful only to the Communists and using their tactics.

8. *Hate Americans because they want to run the world.*

In this connection, it would be well not to call Americans isolationists in the same breath. While criticizing Americans for their lust for power, it would be well to attack them too because they are always childishly homesick for their vulgar land and withdraw their troops at the earliest possible moment, leaving behind a trail of powdered milk and Spam.

'No Staying Power'

To hate Americans thoroughly takes time and talent. To study the United States and to get to know the many varieties of its inhabitants is too arduous. The best thing to do is to continue to scoff until the last living American leaves Europe and then to sneer that you knew all the time that the blighters had no staying power.

The Era of the Cop

BILL MAULDIN

WE ARE now in the era of the cop. Attorney General Herbert Brownell made it official by publicly accusing a dead man of treason on the basis of a police report. The Attorney General did this without fear of consequences. The police officer whose department had produced the report referred to was in the room receiving homage from the Senators of the Jenner Committee, and the bulk of the audience had been conditioned by this time to accept any guff having to do with spies in reverent and respectful silence, lest they too appear to be in league with the evil ones.

Mr. Brownell said any reasonable person should be convinced of the guilt of the deceased. Any reasonable person in any times but these would have bounced a brick off Mr. Brownell's head.

Back to the Indians

This trend started before Senator Estes Kefauver became a hero satisfying society by jugging hitherto secure police-bribing hoodlums on grounds of contempt; it started before Brownell's playmate and Gold Dust Twin, Tom Dewey, rose to fame by working the Great Prosecutor pitch—it even began before somebody got the idea of sending Al Capone up for suspected murder by convicting him of income-tax evasion. I believe it started in this country when a Mescalero Apache thought of slapping his papoose every morning, secure in the knowledge that by nightfall the child would have done something to deserve it. It's the idea of guilt until innocence is proved. You just *know* the guy is a wrongo and it doesn't matter how you jug him so long as you get him there.

It's also the era of the lazy cop. Mr. Brownell gave me the distinct impression that he considers the big thing between us and national security is a silly law that won't admit wiretap evidence in court. The hint is that we're surrounded by spies whose conviction depends upon phonograph records; that a G man on the telephone is worth twenty in the bush. In the interest of the

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Republic, which every Republican insists in a place where a rugged individualist's home is his castle, the little black instrument on the hall table is no longer to be a convenience; it is to be an intruder in the castle, a camel's head in the tent, with the rest of the critter to follow.

How far do you go with this expediency thing? I don't really blame Officer Hoover. He isn't supposed to be a leader of the Civil Liberties Union and he wouldn't be very good at his job if he didn't take pride in his high record of convictions following arrests. But it wouldn't be unreasonable to expect a more enlightened viewpoint from the exalted Attorney General. In the case of Harry Dexter White, where again it is alleged that the only rap they could make stick while he was alive depended upon inadmissible wiretaps, you might hope Mr. Brownell would say something like: "The outcome of this sorry case and the fate of this suspicious character are far less important than the principles involved." But not Mr. Brownell. No egghead he.

Frightening Thoughts

Did somebody say you can't fight Communism by Marquess of Queensberry rules? My opinions might run me the risk of digging out the radioactive rubble of the home I call my castle, courtesy of a Klaus Fuchs type, and the thought frightens me. But so does the thought of a J. Edgar type monitoring my wife's gossipy prattle on the telephone, when he ought to be out catching his slippery quarry the hard way, like Ellery Queen, by deduction and clue. What's next on the schedule of invasion of the home?

If we can't win our wars on our feet like men, as in the past, instead of crawling through the telephone cable into citizens' homes, then we've lost moral superiority over the hairy Bolshevik and might as well embrace him as a brother. And if Brownell & Co. are going to put this thing over I wish at least they wouldn't stand mealy-mouthed before us and try to justify it. Not even the Russians, who are conditioned from birth to expect cops under the bed, are asked by their government to *like* it.

Premature Comrade

MAX ASCOLI

THE AGE OF SUSPICION, by James A. Wechsler. *Random House. $3.75.*

THIS BOOK is a case history on the aftermath of precocity. James A. Wechsler entered Columbia when he was not yet sixteen, married at eighteen, and joined the junior branch of the Communist Party at nineteen. Of these three big steps, only one—his marriage—brought enduring happiness into his life.

Jimmy Wechsler breezed his way through college and through Communism, finding in both excellent stimulants for doing what he most wanted to do: journalism. Columbia, and above all, his work for the Columbia *Spectator,* may have improved his writing skill; Communism might have provided him with a cause to write about. Actually, neither Columbia nor Communism took. Columbia left him alone after his graduation. Communism, however, never did.

Yet his experience with the comrades' world was strictly of the kindergarten variety. The two Wechslers, husband and wife, did as they were told to the best of their ability: went to meetings, listened to harangues about the inherent contradictions and inevitable doom of the capitalistic system, got bored stiff, and suffered the agony of frustrated yawning. They played at being Communists with the grim earnestness of two well-meaning, wholehearted youngsters; but in 1937, when Jimmy Wechsler was twenty-two and his wife twenty-one, they realized it had all been a big mistake.

WITH HIS alert, undogmatic mind, Jimmy Wechsler could not make himself into a robot, ready to follow quickly and obediently whatever line of thinking came down from Moscow to Union Square. Because he was a newspaperman, not by accident but by birth, with a knack for exposing himself to the facts and catching the most relevant among them, it was not in him to tolerate any party line on what he had to see and say. As a Communist he was a flop. Yet the memory of that flop never quite left him.

Strangely enough, if the Communist mold could not shape Wechsler's thinking, the Communist cliché on ex-Communists kept weighing heavily on his mind. He kept wanting to prove how untrue it is that those who abandon the extreme Left have nowhere to go but to the extreme Right. To a man like Wechsler, this should not have required any particular effort: He had only to follow his instinct, which always brought him on the side of the underprivileged, and be himself. There was nothing in common between him and the professional former Communists because he had never been enough of a Communist to start with. But the memory of the Communist he might have become turned into a strange self-consciousness which has burdened him throughout his brilliant career.

He found himself working in journalistic outfits like the *Nation* and *PM,* where he had to contend with Communist infiltrators. He did not want to be a Red baiter, or to be called one, but he could not help tilting incessantly with the Reds.

The older he grew, the more fascinated Wechsler seems to have become whenever he saw an adult as duped by the Communists as he himself had been in his adolescence. When Henry Wallace went on his pathetic journey through the country to establish himself as the leader of the Progressive Party, Wechsler, then a correspondent for the New York *Post,* described that odyssey with some of the best reporting he has ever done — slashing reporting, sometimes counterpointed by a sense of pity for the befuddled, gray-haired mystic who once had been the great hope of American liberals.

In the old and young dupes as-

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sembled around the former Vice-President, Wechsler could see the enthusiastic, confused adolescent he had been more than ten years earlier. There was no way, it seemed to him, to immunize people against this ever-recurrent blight. Wechsler has always been at his best, has done his most vivid writing, when faced with the renewed memory of his kindergarten Communism. The *Daily Worker* did its best never to let anyone forget that he had been a Young Communist Leaguer.

This well-publicized episode furnished an admirable background for Senator McCarthy's discovery: Wechsler had done so much battling and writing against the Communists because he never had ceased being one. To this day, that outlandish lie still marks a unique height in McCarthiana.

ALTOGETHER, Wechsler has paid an exorbitant price for his three years of boyhood nonsense. Must one judge that his experience is typical, that even the most immature involvement with this loathsome thing leaves an indelible mark on a man's life? This conclusion would be a very grave one, considering the number of young people who, in the 1930's, did as Wechsler did. I think it is far more reasonable to assume that what happened to Wechsler after he left the party was, to a very large extent, an occupational accident: A man with a passion for political writing, he could not help writing about politics and the kind of politics he knew best, while most of those who graduated into free life after a brief passage through the Young Communist League went straight into accounting or medicine or the dry-goods business.

Jimmy Wechsler's book does not, in my opinion, offer an important contribution to the history of his generation. But unquestionably it is an important contribution to the history of Jimmy Wechsler.

What *The Age of Suspicion* shows is Wechsler's talent as a reporter. He is no pundit or political philosopher; but when he describes something he has actually looked at with his own eyes and felt with his generous heart, his descriptions are superb. This is the case when he reports on John L. Lewis or Joe McCarthy seen face to face. His newspaper reports are so excellent that when he edits them for book publication, they frequently lose some of their impact. For instance, in the book he writes: "McCarthy is a poker player, not a zealot, a cold-blooded operator in a big game. There were a few off-the-record asides when he almost seemed to be saying: 'Look, don't get excited, old man, we've all got our rackets.'" His article in the *Post* read: ". . . There were even a couple of exchanges during which his face wore a rather sophisticated smile, as if to say: 'Look, bud, everybody's got his racket; let's not get too excited about the details.'"

Once Jimmy Wechsler was sent to cover a students' meeting by the Columbia *Spectator*. He got so excited that he tossed away his pencil and jumped onto the soapbox. In this respect Wechsler hasn't changed much. One of the best reporters in the trade, he is still ready to jump into a fray. McCarthy would have a considerably more difficult time if there were more newspapermen like Wechsler.

This autobiographical tale of a life still in mid-course is not to be put on the same shelf with the memorable autobiographies of our times. As far as I can see, the major similarity between *The Age of Suspicion* and that nightmarish tale of a nightmarish life—Chambers's *Witness*—is that both books have been published by Random House. This is the hasty self-portrait of a good man—an extremely busy and useful man whom we are fortunate to have in our midst.

Production and Posterity

EDWARD POSNIAK

WORLD POPULATION AND PRODUCTION, by W. S. and E. S. Woytinsky. *The Twentieth Century Fund. $9.*

"THE NEW civilization is too strong to be stampeded by barbaric hordes, as was ancient Rome, but it can be blown up from within." This is not just another warning against the perils of the atom. In the march of science and technology, mankind has created other forces as destructive—and productive—as nuclear fission. This unusual study is designed to describe and appraise these forces.

Five years in the making, *World Population and Production* covers, in 1,268 pages of text, tables, charts, and maps, the entire panorama of the world's economy, considering fully both its achievements and its potentialities. The study examines in meticulous statistical detail man and his environment, the world's needs and resources, agriculture, energy and mining, and manufactures. But its purpose goes far beyond statistical enumeration and classification. Its main concern is with the economic forces that have produced modern civilization and with the direction in which they are taking us.

Mechanized civilization is spreading over the globe. From its centers in Europe and the United States, modern technology is invading Asia and Africa, breaking down the old traditions and creating new patterns and problems. The impact of the collision between the irresistible forces of science and technology and the immovable obstacles of the old ways of life is the principal theme of the study—as well as the main content of modern history.

THIS CLASH between the new forces and the old patterns is what lends substance to the authors' warning that the new civilization may be blown up from within. On a globe that the revolution of modern technology has made into "one world" there is an abysmal gulf between scarcity and abundance and between ignorance and knowledge. The gap between the centers of modern technology on both sides of the Atlantic and the underdeveloped areas in the rest of the world is potentially as explosive as a stockpile of hydrogen bombs.

With only six per cent of the world's population, the United

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States enjoys over forty per cent of the world's income. When continents and countries are plotted on a distorted world map on the scale of their incomes, the United States is twice as large as all of Asia and the Soviet Union is smaller than Great Britain.

The fact that per capita income in the United States is more than $1,500 a year, while in countries like Brazil, Mexico, Ceylon, and Bulgaria it is around $100 or less, is some measure of the gap that divides the world. A better measure is that some seventy to eighty per cent of the income in the latter countries is spent for food as against only thirty to forty per cent in this country. But the best measure of the gap is life expectancy at birth: A white male child in the United States can expect to live to be sixty-three, a male child in Chile to be thirty-six, and an Egyptian to be thirty.

Low living standards and high death rates are only the most dramatic manifestations of the contrasts between modern and primitive economies. On a globe where time and space have been conquered by air transport, the gap between the advanced and the underdeveloped countries must still be measured in terms of centuries. In this "modern" world, fifty-seven per cent of all mankind still live in areas where each household consumes most of its own production. And these regions produce only fifteen per cent of the world's income.

Areas with a prevailing subsistence economy include countries whose political orientation is of crucial significance to the free world—countries like India, Indo-China, Indonesia, the Philippines. Most of Southeast Asia, the Near East, and Africa, and a good deal of Latin America are also in this group. The great question is whether the nearly nine hundred million people living in these areas will grow toward technological maturity in freedom and friendship with the West or under the dictation of the Communists.

"People of underdeveloped areas who claim their share in the fruits of economic progress are neither hungrier nor less secure than in the past, but they have seen the ways of life of wealthier nations and want these ways for themselves." To this extent the people still living in a subsistence economy have already taken the first step on the road toward a money or market economy. For the dominant characteristic of our modern economy is what might be termed the elasticity of desires. "In our Western civilization, needs, real or imaginary, have no limits. Satisfaction of one desire releases and stimulates new wants. This insatiability of demand has a twofold effect: It accounts for the dynamism of the present economic and social system and it contributes to a general feeling of dissatisfaction."

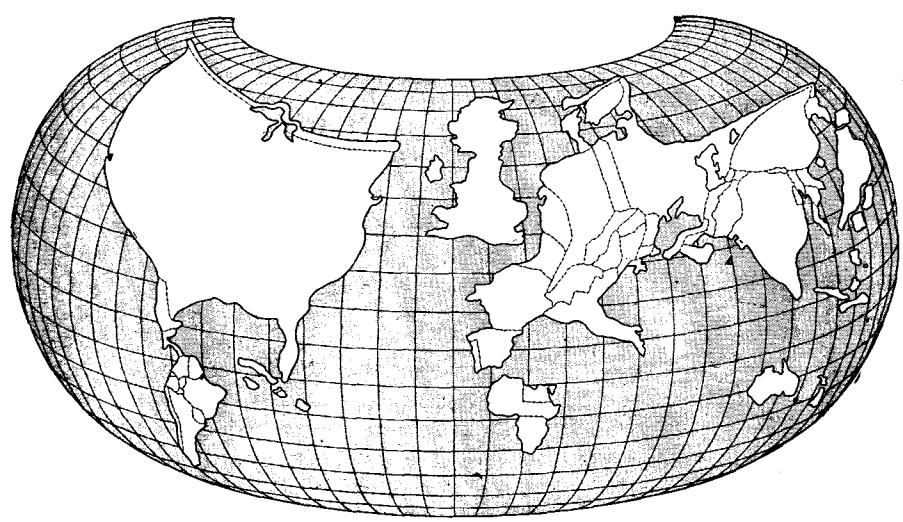
The road from a subsistence economy to a modern market economy is long and hard. This was true even in the United States. But in the era of atomic energy, centuries can be telescoped into decades and the scarcity of natural resources is no longer an insuperable obstacle to economic development.

True, the two North Atlantic strongholds of industrial power, the United States and Europe, have risen to their present position because of a combination of factors—the concentration of energetic and resourceful people in an area of coal and iron deposits that are linked by waterways. But the unused reserves of water power are heavily concentrated in the underdeveloped regions. This is the main reason why the example of our TVA has had such an impact all over the world. River valley development schemes similar to the TVA are now under way or being talked about in Argentina and Uruguay, the Philippines, West Africa, Israel, Afghanistan, and India.

And just as water power facilitates the industrial development of areas poor in coal and petroleum, so atomic energy may well favor the industrialization of regions that possess no local energy resources to speak of.

Man-made Environment

Even the human factor—the presence of an energetic population—no longer plays the same role it used to. The United States and Europe are centers of human energy because they have climates that are propitious to human existence, but progress in refrigeration and air conditioning, combined with the success of medicine in fighting tropical diseases, may speed the rise of civilization in the Torrid Zone, where the main underdeveloped areas of the world are located. Man-made climate plus man-made environment and technical know-how may change the face of the globe, and change it at an unprecedented rate of speed. But the question remains, Under whose auspices will the change be accomplished? Will it be with the help and advice of the West or of the Kremlin? If there is one conclusion that emerges from this encyclopedic study it is that in the context of modern history and economics, Point Four should be considered Point One. What the opponents of such technical assistance programs



If nations were as big as their incomes

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may fail to realize is that the underdeveloped countries today have no choice but to go forward. The march toward technology cannot be arrested. It can be diverted, if the West fails to act, into the blind alley of Soviet totalitarianism.

World Population and Production does not explore all the implications of the economic forces let loose by science and technology. That, in part, will presumably be the purpose of the second volume of the study, *World Trade and Organization*, to be published next year.

Meanwhile, what stands out in this volume is the authors' emphasis on the supremacy of the free human mind. In the course of a few centuries man has gained unprecedented control over nature. World plenty and world doom are now within his reach. Is it beyond the power of man to organize his relations with his fellow men as rationally as he has organized his technology?

Little Old New York And How It Grew

J. K. GALBRAITH

THE COLUMBIA HISTORICAL PORTRAIT OF NEW YORK: AN ESSAY IN GRAPHIC HISTORY, by John A. Kouwenhoven. *Doubleday. $21.*

MR. KOUWENHOVEN has produced a stunning pictorial record of the City of New York. It includes a total of nine hundred reproductions and spans the period from 1626, the probable date of the first known drawing of New Amsterdam, to May 28 of this year, when Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc., took a picture of Manhattan especially for this volume from somewhere above Governors Island. Publication was timed to coincide roughly with the bicentennial of Columbia University, the tricentennial of New York as a city, and perhaps somewhat more precisely with the Christmas market in this first year of Republican affluence. In every respect, including the price, the conception is magnificent, and the execution—reproduction, typography, binding—must itself provide a short chapter in the history of the graphic arts.

IT WOULD BE showing small gratitude for Mr. Kouwenhoven's talented labors to suggest that his book is only for serious thinkers. Anyone who likes pictures will surely enjoy it, whether he lives in Manhattan or Lubbock, Texas. However, it may be of some interest, since the book is offered as history, to see what part of the history the pictures tell.

The author is concerned less with presenting a detailed documentary than in seeing what subjects artists and photographers thought it worthwhile to depict at various periods. Accordingly, the record is frankly best on the topics where the pictorial sources are the richest.

There are at least three facets of the whole history of New York, the volume shows, which can be presented in pictures with considerable clarity. One of these is the physical growth of the city. There is an excellent supply of plans and maps for various periods and a plethora of street scenes and landscapes to supplement them. With these Mr. Kouwenhoven is able to show in detail the changing aspects of the metropolis, pastoral Brooklyn before it was invaded, and the less familiar fact that much of midtown and upper Manhattan during the last century bore a marked resemblance to present-day Chicago between the Airport and the Loop. There was the difference that in New York marble town houses rather than decrepit dwellings often stood cheek by jowl with rubbish-filled lots or raw earth fill.

As might be expected, the architectural history is also well told—people have always wanted pictures of their houses and public monuments—and so also is the story of the manners and morals of at least a part of the populace. In particular, there is an excellent record of the very respectable and the totally disreputable. Like their houses, the dress, conveyances, and pleasures of the rich have always seemed worthy of portrayal as the highest possible achievement in civilized gentility. There has usually been an only slightly less constant interest in the idle, drunken, and dissolute and in their bold and very bad consorts. At least until recent times the sober workmen, clerks, and storekeepers and their families, who bought the pictures of those at the social extremes, were sadly neglected. This is not a criticism that is peculiar to pictorial history. The written kind has also concentrated on kings, generals, and rascals.

It Could be Copenhagen

On other subjects the pictorial record is very poor. Though Mr. Kouwenhoven is at pains to show how intensely economics has dominated the life and interests of New Yorkers from the beginning to the present, his material fails him. He has many pictures of commercial and industrial enterprises, and it is remarkable, incidentally, how soon and how well the period New York street scene was made to advertise the firms doing business there. Yet apart from the fact that New York is a seaport with a stock exchange, one could learn little of the commercial or industrial life of the city from this volume and even less of the reasons for its growth.

The same is true of politics, although it is barely possible that here Mr. Kouwenhoven did not try too hard. A sensitive man, he undoubtedly realizes that anybody who, in the name of history, resurrects any more political cartoons of the Blaine-Cleveland vintage will be hauled by popular demand before the House Un-American Activities Committee with television. Tammany appears from time to time but chiefly in its practical manifestation, which is filthy streets. One would not know from Mr. Kouwenhoven's history whether New York through most of its history was governed well or badly or at all.

There are other omissions. Although, as Mr. Kouwenhoven points out, the pictorial record is uncommonly good on disasters—the print-

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makers of the last century valued nothing so much as a good steamboat inferno with women and children being toasted by the score and the men looking on with relish—there is not much of a record on crime. Drunkenness, poverty, and delicately indicated prostitution are present, but little murder, theft, or arson. Unbelievable as it may seem, there is not even a great deal on gambling in this book about New York. So far as general wrongdoing is concerned, this could be Copenhagen.

Nor does this record show whether over the years New York has been a city of happiness or suffering or of contentment or tension. There is no doubt whatever from the aggregate effect of the pictorial record that it has been a community of great intellectual energy and of profoundly liberal disposition, but there is little indication, except in architecture, of the result of it all.

Words vs. Pictures

A medium for telling history that excludes or blurs the story of commerce and industry, politics, much human behavior, and most intellectual achievement obviously has serious limitations. On the whole this is fortunate. It would be a great human tragedy, in this year of Columbia University's glory, were Mr. Kouwenhoven to have rendered the old-fashioned prose-type history obsolete. No one, not even the most ardent friend of technological advance, could reflect with equanimity on the picture of Professors Nevins and Commager struggling, like the erstwhile blacksmith, to master the new craft or, sadder still, being turned out to pasture like New York's own displaced fire horses of forty years ago.

These sketches and photographs pose no such threat. Instead, like the mechanical cotton picker and the electronic brain, they only have their place. They illuminate some subjects very well—mostly perhaps those for which editors have always sought an illustration—and they are wonderful to look at, especially when selected and arranged by Mr. Kouwenhoven. But for telling what really happened and why, it has been truly said, one word is worth a thousand pictures.

Coming of Age In South Africa

ELAINE TANNER

THE LYING DAYS, by Nadine Gordimer, *Simon and Schuster. $3.95.*

THIS IS not just another first novel of youth emerging from the rubble of shattered ideals with the sort of healthy despair that preludes maturity. And, although it is full of the atmosphere and tensions of South Africa, it is not a South African novel.

Nadine Gordimer is close enough to her own lying days to take them seriously; she has also the humor and tolerance of perspective. But only an acute observer and a very sensitive writer can make you recognize a mass of impressions and fragments of conversation as your own memories. If she intrudes self-consciously in this first-person novel, it is forgivable. For, unlike other craftsmen among her compatriots, she never preaches about politics. In her simple, universal story of a girl becoming a woman, the joys of youth take care of themselves; the agonies are not made, only intensified, by Dr. Malan.

It is not that South Africa is incidental. There is only one description of a native uprising, but it seems to define the word "violence." The single death of a Gandhi-like Negro in this same uprising suggests all the irony of Africa's peculiar tragedy. A sharp glimpse of panic among colored people awakened in their beds by Nationalist flashlights gives humiliation a new dimension. And you cannot understand the white man's conflict until you meet Paul, the heroine's lover. Officially he works with the government, trying to improve native housing conditions; unofficially he is associated with radical African movements that refuse to recognize that same government. Trying to improve a system he rejects, he finds it easier to tear himself apart than to despise himself.

These things are part of the daily life of Helen Shaw, born to English parents in the South African mining town of Atherton. Her father is assistant secretary of the mine (and never forgets it), her mother almost a caricature of the proper colonial administrator's wife, their life a sheltered, superficial, conventional existence sparked by an occasional elaborate tea party. When Helen goes to the University in Johannesburg, she befriends a Jewish student of architecture and a native girl—both aliens to her family. She leaves Atherton to live among a Bohemian crowd in Johannesburg, breaks with her family when she takes a lover, finally ends the affair and sails for Europe.

Breaking—and Belonging

The real business of her "lying days" is coming alive. She first discovers her eyes and ears on a forbidden visit to the native market place beyond her father's mine. She awakens to warmth and the potentialities of being a woman in a South Coast setting of sea and reef. Then, at the university, there is the aliveness of ideas and music and books—a sharp contrast with her home, where "words were like kitchen utensils" and " 'ideas' were synonymous with 'fancies'." She becomes passionately alive for a time with her lover, Paul. And for years she vaguely admires but cannot understand—still less can she imitate—Joel Aaron, the Jewish boy, whose aliveness embraces "everything that grew, that inquired, that illuminated instead of merely perpetuating the human state."

As it always does, this new awareness of self and of values involves rejection—breaking away from the old and the secure. And in its wake comes a desperate need to belong—to an individual, to a group, to a nation. Helen suffers an intense loneliness for "something [she] had not yet had"—some imagined intimacy and sharing. Inevitably she finds herself in a small circle of people who, "Whatever the diversity of their true interests, or the variation of

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their sincerity . . . had one common condition: all were young people who had overflowed the group, race or class to which they belonged." She has to discover that, like their counterparts everywhere, these are really people who have discarded everything and found nothing.

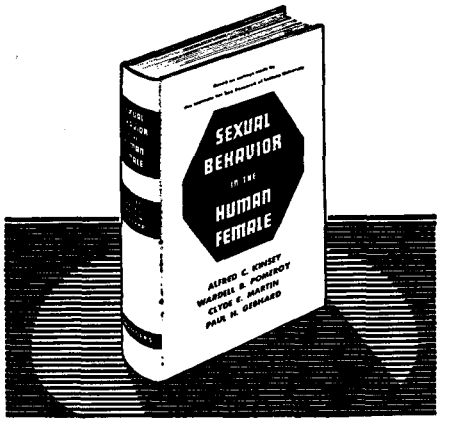
The single exception is again Joel, who could be part of any group but belonged only to himself, "a puzzling position that was quite the opposite of loneliness." On the other hand, even he cannot find his roots in South Africa, and Helen comes to envy him the possibility of "belonging" in Israel, where he can have "the purpose and the hope of realizing a concrete expression of his creative urge."

Of course, "having purpose" is a big thing in "the lying days." Helen's great goal—and that of young people in any part of the world—is to be "involved." She is disturbed when her love affair becomes so absorbing as to isolate her from, rather than immerse her in, what she continues to believe important. Even under Malanism, daily life goes on.

BUT IDEALISTIC youth cannot live for the day. Helen can see only that her "destiny" is postponed by perpetual crisis: "We could sit for twenty years, like flies paralyzed but not killed by a spider, so long as the Nats stay in power. An unfortunate interruption. Shelving this, shelving that, because 'things are so uncertain here.'. . . The state of mind's . . . a piece of self-delusion. This is our life and it is being lived out now the way we don't like it."

So, one day when she is twenty-four this young woman finds herself on a ship bound for Europe, running away from the risk of love and the necessity of compromise, trying to escape a young, materialistic country and a divided, decaying society where she cannot belong. Suddenly she knows that some day she will go back.

The title of this book comes from these lines by Yeats: "Through all the lying days of my youth/ I swayed my leaves and flowers in the sun;/ Now I may wither into the truth." Being young in the hot, cruel sun of South Africa seems a lot like being young in America—only more so.



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Tanglefeet In Asia

HARLAN CLEVELAND

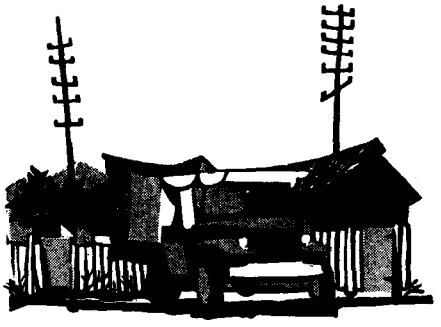
THE CHINA TANGLE: THE AMERICAN EFFORT IN CHINA FROM PEARL HARBOR TO THE MARSHALL MISSION, by Herbert Feis. *Princeton University Press. $6.*

THE TANGLE described in *The China Tangle* was not in China but in American bureaucracy. The book doesn't explain why China went Communist, or analyze the forces that could modify or overthrow the ruthless power that now governs the Chinese mainland. Leaning heavily on the written record of day-to-day diplomacy, it is a book about the American controversy over China policy. The author does more than report; he often puts on his mask and chest guard and scores the hits, the runs, and the errors.

The picture that emerges, of course, is that nearly everybody was wrong. Roosevelt was wrong to believe that the Soviets could be trusted in the postwar settlements. The military were wrong to believe that even with the atom bomb we needed the Russians in the war against Japan. The State Department's top Foreign Service officers were wrong about the intentions of the Chinese Communists, and General Wedemeyer was wrong about their capabilities. (But Averell Harriman shows up, in this as in other works on wartime relations with Russia, as more prescient than most of his colleagues.) Of course, nearly everybody assumed that peace would follow war and that the Communists would co-operate. But Feis also makes it clear that the atmosphere of secrecy and high-level personal dealings hid many of the essential facts from the people who needed to know them.

Wartime history has been chewed over so much already that public interest will probably center on the second half of the book—the Yalta agreement, the Japanese surrender, and the fatal inability of the Chinese Nationalists to muster enough of their own strength, and enough of ours, to recapture North China and Manchuria from the Communists as well as the Japanese.

Feis has a fascinating chapter about how the text of the Yalta agreement was made. He rejects the Republican myth that a Hiss-managed conspiracy deliberately set China to be invaded by the Russians so that it could be turned over to the Chinese Communists. But he also rejects the Democratic myth that Yalta was the best possible deal that could have been made, and that



it looked very good at the time. It is still true that the main trouble with Yalta was that the Russians violated it. But Roosevelt was trying to do two things: to get Russia into the war against Japan and to build a useful relationship between the Russians and the Chinese Nationalists. The first was accomplished, but the resulting concessions made it possible for Stalin's troops to wreck the Nationalist cause in the north. Feis concludes that one of the "really important faults" was not to insist upon guarantees of Soviet co-operation with the Chinese government. In accepting the role of mediator and making commitments for the Chinese without telling the Chinese about them until afterwards, Roosevelt exposed himself to the reproach of history as well as of Republicans.

THE MOST DIFFICULT part of this book to write must have been the appraisal of that epic battle, Pat Hurley vs. the Foreign Service. Like other students who have scanned the official reports of China experts such as John Stewart Service, John Carter Vincent, and Raymond P. Ludden, Feis is impressed by the fact that these men were astute observers, "had fast and bright pens," and were "deeply devoted to the welfare of the people with whom they mingled."

The State Department regulars were inclined, in Feis's account, to write off the Nationalists: "They were longing to find a healthy contrast and thought that they found it among the leaders and followers of the Communist movement." Hurley, on the other hand, pinned his faith on reforming the Chiang Kai-shek Government.

In discussing Hurley's views as written down in the record, Feis seems to miss the drama of Hurley's flamboyant self-righteousness and his feeling that everybody, up to and including the President, was persecuting him. But the record does remind us that Hurley did not differ nearly so much from his Foreign Service officers about the nature and aims of the Chinese Communists as he claimed so vociferously in later political utterances. "Hurley remained of the opinion that the Chinese Communists were not really Communists, were not deeply devoted to the principles of Communism. During and after his visit to Yenan he was impressed by the Communist verbal endorsement of Lincolnian mottos and principles of government, and was often heard to say that the Chinese Communists in the main spoke the same political language as the Americans."

If, If, If

No four-hundred-page book could tell the whole story of this fabulous tangle, and some important matters have been skimped in the process of selection from the mountain of research material Feis had before him. For example, the economic side of the story is left largely to one side, a curious decision for an economist to have made.

But the flaws are minor compared to the service Feis has performed in writing a book that is readable, scholarly, and as objective as any American of voting age could have been expected to produce.

The China Tangle gives only half

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the history; the book provides very little information about what the Chinese were doing at the same time. Hence there is some danger the reader will be misled into the great error which ran through most of our political debates about China: the notion that the United States was the prime mover in Chinese events. It is always a mistake to think of our foreign policy as the main factor in any situation outside our borders. It may be that if during the war we had marked the Communists as the prime postwar enemy and if we had intervened on a scale massive enough to force reform and take over direction of military operations, the result could have been changed in China by American action. We didn't. Indeed, in 1945 most Americans, far from claiming the sovereign power of decision in China, wanted only to bring the soldiers home and be shut of the whole mess forthwith.

If an equally competent Chinese historian would now give us a blow-by-blow account of the Chinese side of the China tangle, that story and Herbert Feis's would belong together on the bookshelves of all those who "thrill with horror and melt with pity" at the tragedies of history.

Who Was George Sand?

MARYA MANNES

LELIA: THE LIFE OF GEORGE SAND, by André Maurois. *Harper. $5.*

UNTIL M. MAUROIS came along, the world and this writer had known only the headlines about a woman called George Sand: that she was Lover of Chopin, Musset, and Other Geniuses; a Famous Writer; and Wore Men's Clothes. Like all headlines, these are meager; like many, they are deceptive. For when you finish *Lélia* you find to your surprise that these were the least important things about Aurore Dudevant, and that it was only after she was through loving geniuses, wearing men's clothes, and writing successful novels that she became a great and important woman.

Most women read chronicles of love to find out what it is that makes a woman irresistible to men. No exception, I was increasingly amazed to find that in print, at least, Sand filled very few of the requirements of a fascinator. In an age when a woman needs only specific glandular dimensions to qualify as an enchantress, Mlle. Sand would have tough going. Her physical assets, barring the lithe figure of her youth, were few: deep "velvety" eyes, which were nevertheless often described as dull or somnolent; a mass of thick dark hair that came to her shoulders; very small hands and feet; and a complexion alternately described as "Indian" or "mulatto."

Kiss of Death

In spite of the ceaseless flow of her pen, her conversation seemed to strike even her lovers as neither animated nor brilliant, and her voice as either monotonous or husky (not then fashionable). Sexually, hers was —almost literally—the kiss of death. Maurois implies that in spite of her many liaisons and the torrential passages of passion in her letters and writings, George Sand was, like her own heroine *Lélia,* somehow incapable of the fulfillment granted other women and therefore constantly in pursuit of it. In this violent quest for the "ideal love," she devoured and destroyed her lovers, one by one.

They were, to be sure, weak at the start. Alfred de Musset was well on the road to destruction through debauchery, Chopin was already a delicate consumptive when they met, and Mançeau—the last man to die in her then aging and presumably Platonic arms—had long had tubercular symptoms. But that she hastened their ends, and that she wholly—if temporarily—disrupted the lives of

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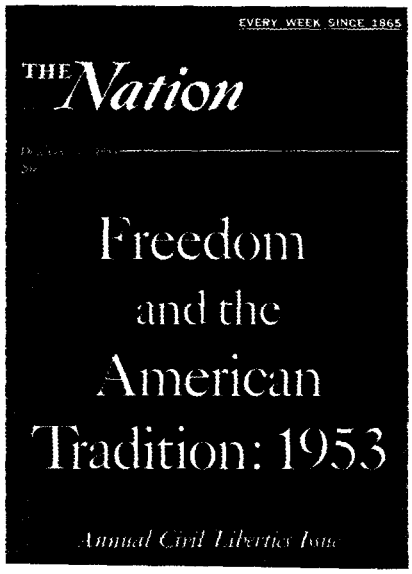

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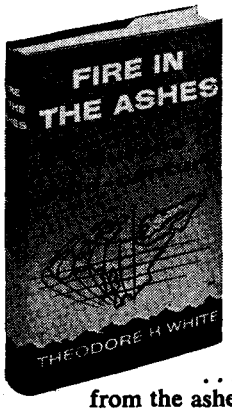

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her other, lesser, lovers, there seems little question. One doubts whether there could be interludes of passion more agonizing, more appalling than the Musset-Sand one in Venice or the Chopin-Sand one in Majorca, where the great musician was literally spitting his life up in acute physical and emotional torment while Sand, adoring him and mothering him, dismissed his trouble as "catarrh."

THIS "MOTHERING" is really the clue to her undeniable attraction for men who were as weak as they were brilliant, for Sand, the devoted mother of her two children Maurice and Solange, was not far removed from Sand the mistress, who spoke of her men as "children" and was happiest when ministering to them. The twin qualities of overwhelming maternalism and overwhelming vitality emerge then as the secret of her power as a woman. Both can go a long way in love.

To strong men, however, and to most women, she must have been profoundly irritating, for she was in every sense of the word an insistent woman: insistent in her ideas (which were mostly unpopular), in her loves, in her eccentricities, and above all, in her writing. It is here that this reviewer finds little basis for the frequent use of the word "genius" not only by some of Sand's contemporaries but by Maurois himself. Prolificness, yes, to the degree of verbal diarrhea: Apparently she managed to write fifteen or twenty pages a day come hell, high water, or a dying lover. Facility, yes. Even provocative thinking. But if her descriptions of nature, which Maurois picks out as special signs of her genius, are not better than those excerpted in the book, then surely genius is not the word.

And equally surely, the fact that she was enormously popular in her days is no confirmation. Faith Baldwin is popular now.

One is tempted to see some truth in the words of Baudelaire, who detested her. ". . . Besides, she is no artist. She has that famous, easy style so dear to the bourgeois heart. She is stupid, she is heavy, she is garrulous. There is in her moral ideas about as much depth of thought, as much sensibility, as you would find in a concierge . . ."

But then you had men like Flaubert, Saint-Beuve, Gautier, and Lizst treating her as an equal. Why? There's the crux of the question, and it has nothing to do with sex.

Tumultuous Kindliness

What finally emerges from M. Maurois' copious and absorbing study, which is sometimes as garrulous and overfacile as Sand herself, is that Sand's greatness lay in other qualities.

It lay in her earthiness—a profound love of the land and living things which made her home at Nohant the healing refuge of her life and gave her a fundamental health of mind and spirit (as well as body) which survived the many assaults invited upon them. It lay in her unwavering attachment to, and support of, the ideals of liberty, whether of the woman, the man, the word, or the state. It lay in an indestructible belief in the good that is in human beings.

And it lay in an honesty—almost unique in women of her time—which could permit her to write of herself in this way: "Kindliness, which should be clear-sighted and considered virtue, was, in my case, something torrential and tumultuous. It was concerned merely to spread itself. . . . Sometimes I flung myself into the doing of good with a blind enthusiasm which, more often than not, had precisely the opposite effect to the one I intended. When I take stock of myself, I realize that the only two genuine passions of my life have been motherhood and friendship. . . ."

Here, you conclude, was a woman in many ways ahead of her time, remarkable in any time. Her sins, you believe, were as much the fruit of compassion as of egotism. And it was the compassion which finally triumphed to make her the legend she has rightfully become: the legend of a great woman who proceeded through turmoil and error to peace and understanding, and who influenced her age profoundly.

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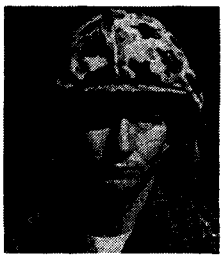

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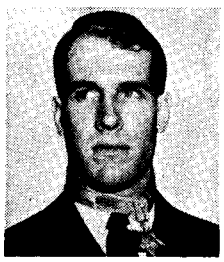

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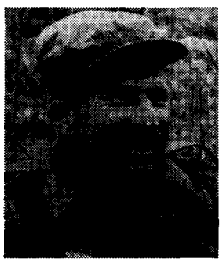

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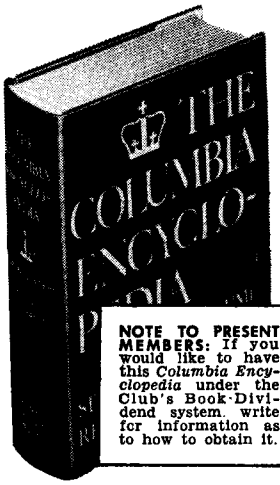

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